

THE MONTH

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Wisdom and Ignorance.

LORD SALISBURY'S excellent address, from the presidential chair of the British Association, is still fresh in the minds of all, and the chorus of approval with which it has been received gives evidence of the relief experienced by the multitude of men at finding themselves relieved from the obligation of professing, under pain of forfeiting their self-respect, to know all about everything. The scientific spirit, or the affectation of it, is just now all powerful, and, while none venture to deny its claims, the teachers who trade most commonly in its name, appear to inculcate no lesson more earnestly than the absolute and final nature of the knowledge to which our generation has attained. The conclusion which the unscientific public is apt to gather from the utterances of those who profess to popularize for its benefit the results of scientific discovery, is undoubtedly no less than this—that all mystery has been swept away from the field of nature, that the depths of being have been sounded, and that he who does not provide himself with a scientific creed the articles of which shall cover all the phases of the universe, is guilty of culpably rejecting that knowledge which constitutes the greatest dignity of man.

As a rule, however, it is not the original investigators who adopt this tone, and the instructors to whom we have to listen are greater, it may be said without offence, at conclusions than at premisses, and the conclusions themselves are apt to be embodied in phrases, which, however sonorous and impressive at first, do not suffice for any length of time to assure the proselyte that he understands to what he commits himself by accepting them. Hence it must come to pass that, even without consciousness of the process, he finds himself encumbered by the scientific panoply which he has donned, and would gladly, like David, exchange the armour of Saul for the free use of his own natural intellectual weapons, however humble these may be. To the rescue of those who are in such case, comes Lord

Salisbury, reminding us all that what men of science know is as nothing to what they do not know, and that to delude ourselves with an affectation of knowledge, not warranted by the facts of the case, is the most pernicious form of ignorance. Among all the seasonable words which he uttered, there are probably none which will more forcibly commend themselves to such as have followed the course of contemporary thought than the following: "We are under no obligation to find a theory, if the facts will not provide a sound one. To the riddles which nature propounds to us, the profession of ignorance must constantly be our only reasonable answer. The cloud of impenetrable mystery hangs over the development and still more over the origin of life. If we strain our eyes to pierce it, with the foregone conclusion that some solution is and must be attainable, we shall only mistake for discoveries the figments of our own imagination."

But here occurred a remarkable episode. The speaker had dealt impartially with the various branches of science, and pointed his moral from them all. He had reminded chemists of their absolute ignorance concerning those elements which are the very foundation on which they build; and of the problems disclosed by spectrum analysis, the mystery of which quite swallows up all the increased knowledge which by this means has been effected. Physicists had been confronted with the "inscrutability of the ether," that "half-discovered entity" which has no known qualities except one, and that one in the highest degree anomalous, so that it would be a great exaggeration of our knowledge if we were to speak of the ether as a body or even as a substance. In like manner electricity and physical astronomy were shown to be enshrouded by inscrutable problems. But to all this the leading representatives of these various sciences took no exception. Lord Salisbury, apparently, did but formulate the ideas with which they were themselves familiar. It was, however, quite otherwise when he extended his observations to the science of life, and spoke lightly of "the comfortable word evolution—one of those indefinite words from time to time vouchsafed to humanity, which have the gift of alleviating so many perplexities and masking so many gaps in our knowledge." Straightway there was sounded an unmistakable note of war, for, as the *Times* remarks, "one may jest with the dearest hypothesis of the physicist and twit the chemist with his ignorance of the essential nature of atoms or the true

inwardness of elementary differences, but it is perilous to treat the biologist in that off-hand fashion"—"biologists seem to resent any hint that mysteries perhaps remain in their department to which they do not possess a key."

It was Professor Huxley, in seconding the vote of thanks passed on the occasion, who struck the note of disapproval. He pleasantly remarked that on occasions like the present, and in regard of the address of the President of the Association, it was customary to come with the intention of praising, not of burying, the speaker; but that in the sections, wherein particular branches of science are discussed, a contrary custom prevailed, mutual cremation, rather than mere burial, being the ordinary rule; and he could not help thinking how rich and profitable a subject of operation the President's address would afford, were it delivered in Section D—which section, it is needless to add, was that of Biology. He went on to argue, by means of a bit of logic of which he would probably think but little if perpetrated by an opponent, that Lord Salisbury had confessed himself an evolutionist, inasmuch as he disclaimed the old doctrine of the immutability of species.

That Professor Huxley should thus resent the imputation of ignorance, is somewhat remarkable. He is, as all men know, the typical Agnostic, and the first principle of Agnosticism, as he is fond of telling us, is no other than this, "that it is wrong for a man to say he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty."¹ If this obviously sensible rule does not hinder him from believing stoutly in evolution, it must be because the arguments on its behalf leave nothing to be desired on the score of cogency. And that he does so believe there is no doubt. We have seen that he claims Lord Salisbury as an unconscious evolutionist, adding that all his hearers must understand with what enormous satisfaction he welcomed so distinguished a convert. We have seen, moreover, that he predicted a terrible fate for the palpable heresies, which the said convert had mingled with his very obscure profession of faith, were they submitted to discussion in that department where evolutionists are wont to congregate; and he went on to indicate the main grounds on which they seemed to him reprehensible, and in so doing once more gave prominence to a point upon the importance of which he has insisted again and again.

¹ *Essays on Controverted Questions*, p. 450.

The question of evolution, he has told us, is very much deeper than the Darwinian question, which it underlies. The term "evolution," as applied by biologists, has a most precise and definite signification, and whatever be the fate of the various systems invented to explain its processes, evolution itself is a scientific certainty, "so far as the animal world is concerned, evolution is no longer a speculation but a statement of historical fact."¹

Nevertheless there are not wanting men, and men of very high authority, who do not hesitate to say that, whatever be the limitations of knowledge in other branches of science, far more has been demonstrated in them than in biology; wherefore biologists, and especially such of them as are also agnostics, should be the most willing of all to confess to ignorance. Thus Sir George Gabriel Stokes speaks as follows: "The theory has been accepted by many eminent biologists with a readiness which is puzzling to an outsider, especially one accustomed to the severe demands for evidence that are required in the physical sciences."

It will, therefore, be well briefly to consider Professor Huxley's attitude on this question, and to inquire how in face of his own agnostic principles, he can justify the belief in evolution which he so emphatically professes.

It must first, however, be observed that in his words quoted above there is a limitation contained, which, while it is in itself far from satisfactory, he appears elsewhere to ignore. He tells us in this passage that Evolution is a certainty, "so far as the animal world is concerned." It is, however, obvious that if plants had been brought to their present condition by any other process, there must be another power at work in the world; and it is inconceivable that this should have left one domain of life altogether untouched, while dominating the other. But Professor Huxley clearly believes that not only all life in every form, but the inorganic universe as well, has been produced by the power which he speaks of as "evolution," for he by no means confines the term to a process. His own words are explicit on this point. "The fundamental proposition of evolution is that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the powers possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebosity

¹ "On the coming of age of the Origin of Species," *Science and Culture* (1881), p. 324.

of the universe was composed. If this be true, it is no less certain that the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapour, and that a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of that vapour, have predicted, say the state of the fauna of Britain in 1869,¹ with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapour of the breath on a cold winter's day."²

This then is the fundamental principle of the theory in which, for all his agnosticism, Professor Huxley holds that we are bound, as reasonable men, to believe, and in regard of which he resents a profession of nescience. He must therefore, it is plain, be in possession of evidence logically justifying such certainty; and it is but just and reasonable to ask what precisely this evidence may be.

We shall not, however, in this inquiry attempt to cover the whole of the field which he has opened before us, nor venture on researches in regard of the primitive nebosity, evidence regarding which it would be exceedingly difficult to find. Confining ourselves to the world of life, by what sort of proofs are we assured that this has been "evolved"? that all its various forms have spontaneously grown, one out of another, and all, ultimately, from a primitive organic germ, itself naturally produced by evolutionary laws? This, and no less, must be the meaning of "evolution," as we have heard the term expounded.

Professor Huxley himself indicates the field in which we must look for the required demonstration. To his conclusion, he tells us,³ "an acute and critical-minded investigator is led by the facts of palæontology." It would seem to follow from such a declaration, that in the study of the extinct forms of life we find clear and convincing evidence, that they have *de facto* been developed one from another, and that we can clearly and unmistakably trace the course of this development.

But is this the case? Does the testimony of the rocks in any way bear out such an assertion?

Undoubtedly we find that since life appeared upon earth there has been a continuous upward march towards greater and greater perfection of its types. Lord Salisbury well selected the

¹ Being the year in which he spoke.

² "On the reception of the Origin of Species," Darwin's *Life of C. Darwin*, ii. p. 201.

Science and Culture, p. 324.

jelly-fish as a popular illustration of the earliest form of animals, and it may be said, broadly speaking, that the lowest came first, and then others in the order of increasing perfection. We have evidence that for a long time there were no vertebrate, or back-boned, animals upon the earth, that when these did appear, their earliest representatives were fishes, which were followed by amphibians, by reptiles, by birds, and by mammals, obviously the highest of all. Similarly in the vegetable world, sea-weeds mosses and ferns came before flowering plants, and such types as those of our timber and fruit-trees have been of comparatively recent introduction. Moreover, we may be quite ready to accept the descent of one kind from another, if it can be shown that they have so descended. But can this be done? That is the question, which must be answered in the affirmative before we obtain that proof of "evolution" in Professor Huxley's sense, without which his agnostic principles forbid us to accept the doctrine.

On this subject we may with profit listen to the conclusions of the eminent geologist, Sir J. William Dawson, who has expressly applied himself to its consideration. He tells us in the first place,¹ "There is no direct evidence that in the course of geological time one species has been gradually or suddenly changed into another. On the other hand, we constantly find species replaced by others entirely new, and this without any transition." Elsewhere he says:² "Many new forms appear to be introduced at one time, and apparently suddenly. . . . Thus the impression left on our mind by the grand procession of living beings in geological time is not that of a mere continuous flow, but that of a co-operation of physical agencies toward a particular preparation of our planet, and then the introduction at once and in great force of suitable inhabitants to the abode prepared for them." If this be true, it can scarcely be said that the plain teaching of palæontology is in favour of such a process as the evolutionary theory supposes. Our authority, however, goes still further, and declares that even if we were to admit all the postulates which are required,³ "it would be extremely difficult to fit the actual geological succession into the mould thus arbitrarily prepared for it:" so that in fact the theory "has been much more favoured by biologists than by those whose studies lead them more specially to consider the succession of

¹ *Modern Ideas of Evolution*. Sixth Edition, p. 118.

² *Ibid.* p. 103.

³ P. 102.

animals and plants revealed by the rocks of the earth,"¹ and that many distinguished naturalists—as in this country Davidson, Jeffreys, Williamson, and Carruthers—have strongly insisted on the tendency of palæontological facts to prove permanence of type and intermittent introduction of new forms, as distinguished from descent with gradual modifications.²

Turning to some of the authorities here quoted, we find Professor Williamson speaking of the geological (or palæontological) side of the evolutionary structure as confessedly its weakest one, and of Professor Huxley himself as skilfully endeavouring to "buttress" it.³ Moreover, he tells us that, "unless he appeals to the geological records for experimental evidence of the truth or error of his hypothesis, the evolutionist's hypothesis becomes merely an ingenious speculation, resting upon no adequate basis of facts,"⁴ and he concludes an elaborate examination of the evidence which is forthcoming on this head, with the declaration that the appearance of the new forms with which at certain periods we meet, must have been due to some unknown factor, which then operated with an energy to which the earth was a stranger, both previously and subsequently: "The knowledge of this factor is what we need in order to perfect our philosophy; and until we obtain that knowledge, many things must remain unaccounted for."⁵ Elsewhere⁶ he reiterates the same principle: "I contend stoutly that, however numerous may be the facts that sustain the doctrine of evolution (and I am prepared to admit that there are many that do so in a remarkable manner⁷), this unexplained outburst of new life demands the recognition of some factor not hitherto admitted into the calculations of the evolutionist school."

Mr. Carruthers, for his part, clearly conceives the facts of fossil botany to be quite inconsistent with the suppositions of the evolutionist, and unkindly sets down the histories devised by him as efforts not of science but of fancy. "The relation of our existing vegetation to preceding floras," he tells us,⁸

¹ P. 100. P. 61, note.

² *Primeval Vegetation in relation to Natural Selection and Evolution*, p. 201. Essays and Addresses, Owen's College, Manchester, 1874.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 204. ⁵ P. 253.

⁶ *The Succession of Life on the Earth*. Half-hour Recreations in Popular Science. Second Series, p. 329.

⁷ "Within certain Limits," p. 340.

⁸ British Association, Section of Biology, Presidential Address, 1886, v. *Nature*, vol. xxxiv. p. 451.

"... has been frequently made the subject of exposition, but to handle it requires a more lively imagination than I can lay claim to, or, perhaps, than it is desirable to employ in any strictly scientific investigation."

Testimonies of like nature might without difficulty be multiplied; but those already adduced suffice to show, that the evidence of palæontology is at least not so overwhelmingly strong on the evolutionary side as agnostic principles require.

But palæontology, though set, as we have seen, in the forefront of the evolutionary battle, is not the only means we have for studying the history of life. This can be done also by biology—by a consideration of the various creatures actually existing on the earth, or exhibiting their structure in the rocks. By a scientific study of these we can, it is said, discover innumerable traces of their mutual affinities, and indications serving to show that their bodily structure is a modification of something apparently quite different, and that their various limbs and organs originally played a part altogether unlike that which is now theirs. This is shown, in particular, by various minor features, now altogether purposeless, serving as memorials of past history, just as the buttons at the back of a frock-coat recall the days when gentlemen wore sword-belts, and the extinguishers on the railings in front of great London houses are a monument of the existence of link-boys. Thus, to confine our instances to our noble selves, our ears, as we are assured, bear a trace¹ of the time when those of our ancestors were pointed and could be literally pricked up; the long hairs often standing out in the eyebrows "represent the vibrissæ, used as organs of touch by many of the lower animals,"² while the fact that "many normal and abnormal vital processes run their course according to lunar periods,"³ carries us back to the remote ages when our ultimate progenitors were a kind of sea-squirts, profoundly affected by the phenomena of the tides.

Accordingly, in spite of the failure of palæontology to reveal what has been the actual course of evolution, biologists frequently undertake to tell us what it must have been, and their systems of classification are now wholly based upon this principle, and are presented to us as exhibiting a sketch, at least in the rough, of the lines which development has followed. We have in

¹ Darwin's *Descent of Man*, p. 22.

² *Ibid.*, p. 25.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 212, note.

fact heard from Sir J. W. Dawson that it is biologists rather than palæontologists who commonly adopt the evolutionary creed.

But here again there are many difficulties in the way, which require to be solved ere we can be justified in declaring that a proof has been established. Setting aside the fact that the ancestors required for these various developments are altogether hypothetical, and that no one of them has ever been discovered,¹ a consideration which belongs rather to the branch of the question already discussed, there are many facts to be explained, or explained away, which appear to be irreconcilable with evolutionist conclusions.

Thus, for example, birds, as has been said, are derived from reptiles, the fore-legs of which have developed into wings, while the feathers are supplied by what originally were scales, wonderfully modified for their new purposes. But some kinds of birds (pigeons and fowls) produce feathers, or "boots," on their legs and feet, and these resemble wing-feathers both in structure and arrangement. Hence it might be plausibly argued, on the principles we have heard, that legs came from wings, not wings from legs. It is at any rate certain that it is not "evolution" which produces these appendages. Again, the *amphibia* (frogs, toads, and newts) are supposed to represent a family which branched off on an independent line of its own before reptiles and birds, and it is pointed out that in certain points of their embryonic development they agree with beasts (or mammals), and differ from these other classes. But some amphibians have been found which do just the reverse, agreeing in these respects with birds and reptiles, and differing from beasts.² Once more: certain delicate and complicated structures found in various animals, are so absolutely similar, both in plan and manufacture, that they would seem to constitute a clear proof of common

¹ The case of the horse will probably be adduced in contradiction of this assertion, being the standing example quoted by evolutionists. I have argued on a former occasion (*THE MONTH*, January, 1892), that far from establishing their case, the fossil history of this animal suggests fresh difficulties of the gravest nature. At present it may be sufficient to cite the words of Professor Williamson (*Succession of Life on the Earth*, ut sup. p. 339): "I want yet more evidence before I arrive at the conclusion that the doctrine of evolution is proved by these facts beyond the possibility of question. It appears to me that before I can give to the testimony of these fossil horses the full value which I am asked to do, I must know more about them than at present is possible."

² See Mr. St. George Mivart, "The Genesis of Species," *Tablet*, April 21, 1888, p. 635.

origin, while at the same time the creatures themselves are so utterly different as to preclude the idea. Thus a very remarkable and complicated sort of tooth possessed by the Cape ant-eater alone amongst beasts, has nothing like it amongst reptiles or amphibians; but its exact counterpart, down to microscopic characteristics, is found amongst the fishes, in a kind of skate.¹ This appears to cast grave doubt on the argument for similarity of origin based upon the similarity of such structures. Such an example is far from singular. The same point is illustrated by the teeth of carnivorous and insectivorous marsupials, resembling those of non-marsupials of like habits—by the “hinge-teeth” of the pike and the angler-fish—and, in a very special manner, by the poison-fangs of snakes. These indeed suggest various problems. In the first place, delicate and wonderful as is this terrible apparatus, naturalists are agreed that it must have originated independently in two groups of serpents,² at least, while there is a venomous lizard,³ armed with a similar weapon (but situated on the lower jaw instead of the upper), which he has certainly not inherited from either of them. Moreover, it is a most remarkable fact that poisonous snakes are frequently far more closely allied to non-poisonous than to others provided with deadly machinery like their own. No evolutionary principles would seem capable of explaining the apparently random appearance and disappearance of so marvellous a piece of mechanism.

These same creatures introduce us to another question to which our present knowledge supplies no answer whatever. To prove evolution as a fact, biology should, palæontology having failed to do so, be able to construct the genealogical tree with at least plausible completeness, and to indicate the lines along which our present forms have presumably descended to us, leaving subsequent research to discover the actual links in the series. But with regard to the rattlesnake, which he selects for special description as a typical representative of the serpent tribe, Mr. Mivart tells us⁴ that its ancestors “are beyond our mental vision;” we cannot even form a conjecture as to what they were. This certainly does not look like having arrived at a point where we can talk with assurance of Evolution as an undoubted fact.

¹ *Myliobates*, Mivart, ut sup.

² *Vipera* and *Antractaspis*.

³ *Holodermus*.

⁴ *Types of Animal Life*, p. 149.

A very similar reflection is suggested by the race of birds, which seems to be the despair of the systematic naturalist. No system of classification has yet been discovered, which serves even as a working theory to explain their genetic affinities. The old school of ornithologists divided them according to certain broad and obvious features, into birds of prey, perchers, climbers, scrapers, waders, and swimmers. Now, some would distribute them according to the condition in which the young emerge from the egg, and others according to various peculiarities of bone structure, especially in the skull. Each system, however, while altogether at variance with the results of the other, abounds with anomalies, bringing together what appear to be the most utterly diverse forms,¹ and there are certain birds concerning the proper position of which there is the widest difference of opinion. It will be sufficient to mention the case of the crested screamer of South America, which some naturalists consider to be a relative of the corn-crake, others of the ostrich, and others again of the goose. In face of facts like this, we may well ask to be allowed to pause before professing to be fully acquainted with the plans and operations of nature, even to the extent of asserting that there has been an evolution the course of which we are wholly unable even to suggest.

Once more, there are eminent naturalists, who as firmly believe in evolution as does Professor Huxley, but at the same time attach to the term a meaning so different from his that he would certainly repudiate it as a superstition. Such, for instance, is Mr. Mivart, whom we have already quoted. He, while thoroughly convinced that our existing types of life have been developed from others altogether different, holds at the same time that this has been done along lines previously determined, by intelligent design, shaping results towards a definite end.² In support of this view, he points out that animals which we class together as mammals have probably been produced by development along lines wholly distinct, but converging to one terminus,—that the same is to be said still more emphatically of the fossil horse of the New World and our actual animal,—and that numerous indications in nature give us reason to believe

¹ Thus, according to the system adopted in the Ninth Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we have the following placed together: plovers, gulls, penguins, cranes, fowls, the sand grouse, pigeons, goat-suckers, and humming-birds.

² See his work, *The Genesis of Species*, and his articles under the same title in the *Tablet*, March—June, 1888.

that the like is true in other instances. His system of evolution is therefore, in his own phrase, Aristotelian rather than Darwinian, and these systems being utterly antagonistic, we must, when bidden to believe in evolution as a fact, reply by asking—Which evolution?

From these few illustrations, taken almost at random from the immense field which the subject covers, it may appear strange that so much heat should have been excited by Lord Salisbury's simple statement, that here as elsewhere our ignorance is far in excess of our knowledge. That indignation has been provoked is clear, not only from the symptoms apparent in the words of Professor Huxley already cited, but still more from the article expressly devoted to the subject by Professor Karl Pearson.¹ This effusion is remarkable for the reiterated lament that there is undoubtedly at the present moment a reaction against evolutionary conclusions, and a "new bigotry" arising, in view of which it was most unwise to select such a man as Lord Salisbury to deliver the address popularly supposed to "convey the voice of English science;" for by a process of argument which does not tend to persuade us that scientific men are always to be trusted in drawing inferences, the writer intimates that anti-evolutionism appears likely to be adopted by the Conservative party as a plank in its political platform. He is accordingly very wroth that such a man as Lord Kelvin should have spoken of this address as exhibiting "the spirit of the student, the spirit of the man of science," declaring that, apart from a certain glamour of style, there is nothing in it of either. His indignation is chiefly awakened by Lord Salisbury's contention, that we not only do not know certain things, but have no prospect of getting to know them, and that our knowledge must ever be an infinitesimal quantity in comparison with our ignorance, a statement which he roundly condemns as "a message of despair and of ignorance which finds not the least justification in facts," and by a most remarkable process of reasoning he appears to invoke our very ignorance to combat such an idea,—for we do not know that the laboratory and the microscope are not on the point of revealing mysteries to our eyes. But, after all, in taking up such a position Lord Salisbury is not alone, and, so far as words can serve to convey a meaning, he may claim the support of Professor Pearson's ally, Professor Huxley himself. Here are their utterances on the

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1894, pp. 334—351, "Politics and Science."

subject, which certainly appear to resemble each other as closely as six and half a dozen.¹

LORD SALISBURY. "We live in a small, bright oasis of knowledge, surrounded on all sides by a vast, unexplored region of *impenetrable* mystery. From age to age the strenuous labour of successive generations wins a *small strip* from the desert and pushes forward the boundary of knowledge."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY. "The known is finite, the unknown infinite; intellectually we stand on an islet in the midst of an illimitable ocean of *inexplicability*. Our business in every generation is to reclaim a *little more land*, to add something to the extent and the solidity of our possessions."²

Why, then, should so much heat be elicited by the statement that of most things we shall continue to be ignorant?

Mention has incidentally been made of Professor Huxley's attempt to claim Lord Salisbury as a convert to his own belief. This claim was founded on the acknowledgment that the doctrine of the immutability of species is no longer tenable, and it seems to be assumed that to say this is to proclaim oneself an evolutionist in the Professor's sense of the word. Such an assumption emphatically justifies the epithet "indefinite" as applied to the term "evolution." In some sense or other all naturalists are now "evolutionists," to the extent of admitting the extreme probability of the mutability of species, within certain limits; but this is obviously very different from saying with certainty that everything has come automatically out of the cosmic vapour,—and if this be the fundamental principle of the system as held by Professor Huxley, those who do not hold it are not evolutionists, as he understands the term. It would be just as legitimate to argue that because Lord Salisbury is described as a Tory, he must be a freebooter and an outlaw, since such were the Tories from whom his party derives its name.

Ages before Darwin and Lamarck, there were men disposed to believe, as did St. Augustine, that the various species of living things were created, not as we now see them, but *potentialiter et seminaliter*, the original forms being endowed with the capacity of developing, as does the seed into the plant, till they should produce them. Whether this has actually been

¹ The italics are mine.

² "On the reception of the Origin of Species," *Life of Darwin*, ii. 204.

the case is, as we have argued, still a question, but those who most fully subscribe to such a belief are yet separated by a great gulf from the school which declares that the result effected has been achieved without the intervention of Design. This it is which is the main, and indeed the only question, and as to it Lord Salisbury directed the scope of his argument, so does it alone explain the vehemence of the opposition which he has aroused. This all-important point shall be considered in a subsequent paper.

J. G.

The Conversion of Father John Morris.

AN EPISODE OF THE HIGH CHURCH MOVEMENT.

IT is just a year, this month, since Father Morris was taken from our midst, and during the time that has since elapsed, the present writer has been engaged upon the materials from which to construct his biography. A special interest seems to attach to the history of his conversion, which introduces us to some well-known names, and illustrates one phase of that remarkable movement, which has had such wide-reaching consequences and led so many souls to the Church. It may, therefore, not be out of place to give a brief sketch of this incident here, though it will be more fully treated in the Life which is in preparation.

Father Morris has left it on record of himself that he quitted Harrow "a regular little Pagan," which is his way of saying that till then—while complying with all the externals of the religion he had been brought up in—he was as thoroughly thoughtless and unreflecting as a boy, and only a boy, could be. The history of the growth of seriousness in his mind, which forms the Puseyite phase of his life, has been promised us by his brother, Mr. Henry Morris, and it does not fall within our present purpose to attempt to forestall what no one except Mr. Morris can now adequately relate. Our intention is to follow out the change from Puseyism to Catholicism, tracing the causes that led to it, from 1842—when John Morris joined his tutor to prepare for a degree at Cambridge, and so to enter the ranks of the clergy of the Church of England—until 1846, when he was reconciled to the Church.

The tutor whom his father selected was the Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards better known as Dean Alford, who is now chiefly remembered by his excellent edition of the Greek Testament. That is certainly a book worthy of the author, scholarly, appreciative, moderate yet thorough, though not successful in solving the theological difficulties, deeper than

textual, which present themselves so frequently to Scripture students. The estimate of the writer formed from this the great work of his life, is abundantly and pleasantly confirmed by the perusal of his *Life, Journal, and Letters*, published by his widow.

To have had such a man for tutor would have been fortunate for any one, and two circumstances made his father's choice especially welcome to young Morris. There was first the change from India to England, and the contrast with his former tutor, Mr. Griffiths, a man excellent at everything except teaching; and then there was a similarity of tastes and feelings, which soon led to real intimacy. "His agreeable manners and earnest piety," wrote Mrs. Alford in after years, "endeared him to all the family." A heavy trial, the death of Alford's son, Clement, gave an opportunity for showing his attachment, and in effect we find the afflicted father reckoning the "Christian kindness" of his pupils, first among the blessings which tempered the bitterness of his cup of sorrows. Morris, who had been present in the sick-room till the last, kept all through his life a copy of verses on the child's death.

In estimating the development of Morris's character under Alford, an episode like this must not be neglected, for it expresses better than words could do how eminently satisfactory their intimate relations were. The success of the pupil at his studies must also be borne in mind. Though badly grounded, he now showed such signs of talent, that he was thought sure to obtain the much-coveted prize of a scholarship at Trinity. Finally, his recreations must not be overlooked. Of them we are told that while taking but little part in games, he spent most of his spare time in the study of antiquities. A lady who remembers him at this period, describes him as being as staid as "Old Time," while his fellow-students devised for him the nickname of "Old Father Morris," which in view of his future career was certainly curious.

All this, though admirable enough in its way, does not certainly seem very novel, but less ordinary influences now began to bear upon him. There was in the first instance the Tractarian Movement, which had then reached its height, and which could not but deeply affect one who was intending to become a clergyman in the Anglican Church. It led, moreover, to such hot discussions, that no one, even of the laity, could avoid taking one side or the other. That Morris was naturally

inclined to throw himself warmly into the movement, every one who knew him would easily surmise, and to this inclination there was now to be added the weight of Alford's influence, of which it may be said, that it was then very advanced even for a High Churchman.

There is indeed this difficulty in speaking positively of Alford's position, that later on he veered round greatly towards the Evangelicals. But this was after his pupil's reception into the Church; before that, his Catholic friends even hoped for his conversion. To judge, however, from the letters and journals quoted in his *Life*, he was more of a sympathizer with than a participator in the movement. On the one hand he seems to have read Tract No. 90 without displeasure, a sufficient proof of the advanced state of his views, while on the other, he never appears to have felt a disposition to follow the subject to its further issues. His mind was occupied with his pupils, with problems about the text of Scripture, with his parochial work and his family, and there he seems to have rested.

Subsequently he began to feel the cold breath of unpopularity on account of such High Church views as he had adopted, and his consequent resolution does not strike us as remarkably noble-minded. He writes :

We must have more of the serpent and less of the dove in future. . . I believe very great caution is necessary. I am disposed to draw in, I freely acknowledge it. I have not altered, but the times have. Would you blame the traveller for wrapping his cloak around him in the storm ?¹

This was, as we have said, after Morris became a Catholic. At the period we are now considering he was honestly outspoken in condemning the popular but fallacious assailants of the Oxford party, and such strictures often influence young minds more than direct instruction.

How much, then, of the Tractarianism, with which we shall soon find Morris entirely engrossed, he owed to his tutor, and how much to his own independent reading, can hardly be now determined. A general idea of what he learnt from the former may, however, be inferred from a remark which he once made to the writer of these lines, on our happening to come upon a statue of Alford in Canterbury Cathedral. "When I went to him I don't think I knew anything about the Church. I left

¹ *Life*, p. 151. Letter to Elizabeth Mott.

him fully convinced that there was one, and in nine months I had joined it."

The second great influence, besides Tractarianism, which at this time began to mould Morris's character, was the revival of Gothic architecture. Alford's good taste led him to welcome the movement cordially, and his pupil threw himself into it with enthusiasm. An excellent opportunity for developing this taste was offered when Alford commenced the restoration of Wymeswold Church. Mr. Pugin was the architect employed, and although their actual intercourse appears to have been slight, the impression which that remarkable man made on Morris was very considerable. Nor is this to be wondered at. If Pugin, as is now generally admitted, did more than any one else to break down the hideous ideals that were in fashion early in this century, and to draw our philistine countrymen as a body to appreciate somewhat the beauties of good Gothic, it is surely no marvel that he should have enkindled in a kindred spirit a lasting admiration for the best traditions of his art. So impetuous did Morris's enthusiasm now become, that one may suspect it had often a decisive influence in determining the degree of Catholicity in the symbolism which Alford then admitted into the church, but which was afterwards cast out of doors. Indeed, in the face of that imperious nature, the future Dean often seemed in the unwonted position of being less ruler than ruled.

One of the gifts which gave Pugin much of his power, was the cleverness of the sarcasm he could pour on the effete fashions, then reputed to be orthodox. Morris caught the inspiration, and, by the kindness of Mr. Henry Morris, an interesting proof of this is now before me. It is a lecture entitled, *A Paper on Memorials of the Departed*, written apparently for some village club about midsummer, 1845, and is interesting for several reasons. It gives us the first sample of his literary style, and indirectly reflects a strong light on the progress of his mind in religious matters. "*Old Father Morris's*" tone is preternaturally grave, so that the composition reads more like a sermon than a lecture. One wonders, indeed, considering the liveliness of his subsequent style, whether this seriousness is not due to the tuition of Alford, who seems, from the extracts published by his widow, to have been frequently sententious, and almost always solemn.

An amusingly boyish trait in the composition is the frequent

recurrence to extremes of thought and language. A man who cuts his name on a monument is "a beast," and on page 6 is a climax of horrors ending with "heresy, impiety, presumption—from which good Lord deliver us," an exclamation which was trenchantly scored out by his tutor.

How he would have smiled at the following prophecy, if it recurred to his mind when writing his *What I Remember*. He has been describing monumental brasses, "on the glories of which we could expatiate for hours," and then continues :

The money that is now laid out on a hideous tablet of pagan device, deforming and injuring the church, would buy a very nice pious brass that should be an ornament to the church, and should last ten times as long. For the days must soon come when these pagan things will be turned bodily out of the church, and broken to pieces with indignation, while the graves of those will be much honoured who have set a good example in being the first to revive this Christian monument. (p. 15.)

Poor fellow ! It was the floriated brass cross, which he had erected to his baby brother and sister, which was destined to be turned out of the church, and that ere a year should pass, while the pagan monuments still rest there in peace. But we are anticipating.

The subject of the address was of a class familiar to the revivalists of Gothic architecture, and was evidently suggested by some of Pugin's works. The ugliness and bad taste displayed in the memorials of the dead then in vogue are contrasted with the beauty and propriety of older Christian monuments, and a return to the ancient models is earnestly advocated. Square gravestones should give way to crosses, mural tablets to brasses, and pagan to Christian symbolism. Originality is not wanting in his handling of the theme, and there is plenty of incidental proof that his visit to Haddon Hall, to Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's, and to other churches in all directions, had been made in a spirit of observation unusual in a boy of eighteen.

The following extract will illustrate our meaning :

In a church in Leicester is a tomb with a sculpture of our Lord ascending into Heaven and delivering the keys of the church to the late vicar, a recognition indeed of one of the Church's doctrines, but not in the most humble manner possible, for it would apparently make the clergyman commemorated, equal to the greatest of the Apostles. But the very worst thing I ever saw, and worse than which another

I trust I may never see, is, alas ! very much nearer to us than Leicester. If you enter the chancel of Bunny Church, the first thing you see is the altar thrown far forward to admit a very high railed vault to occupy its place, above the top of which the heads of the very beautiful seats, that once were used for the clergy officiating at the altar, may yet be seen. A flight of steps takes you to the top of this abomination, and lo ! there, very nearly over the place once hallowed by the holiest of Ordinances stands a great marble image of a man in the attitude of wrestling. As it is not at all improbable that some of you will doubt of so enormous and so awful a profanation of the holy place, I would advise such. to go and see for themselves, and until that horrid profanation is removed, let us never reproach another with bowing down to a graven image. Before this thing communicants must kneel. Let us pray to God to remove such a disgrace from a Christian land. Verily it is an abomination of desolation standing where it should not. The inscription on this thing (I dare not call it a monument), although it does say : . . . is quite in accordance with the design. I give you an extract from it.¹ . . . Besides the inscription in which not one word of Christianity occurs, which is even worse than pagan, for pagans would have left their worldly occupations and vanities aside, and would have mentioned their own though false religion ; besides this, there are some Latin verses telling us how he was at last thrown by the Wrestler Death, after throwing everybody else, and two sculps in the marble tell the same, in the one he is represented wrestling with Death, in the other he is lying at full length thrown by him.

Let us turn as a relief from this most painful subject to the inscriptions we ought to place upon the tombs of our brethren in the faith. As we said, the lowly prayer for Mercy is the most appropriate, indeed, as a publication of the day has well said, "No epitaph can be Catholick, unless it includes a distinct prayer for Mercy." I trust it is not necessary for me to remind you that Catholick is but another word for Christian, "the Catholick Faith," which we profess, is the Christian Faith ; and so when we say that no epitaph is Catholick without a distinct prayer for Mercy, we mean that the epitaph of every Christian must include this prayer.

Shortly before this paper was written, Pugin had invited his friend, Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, who afterwards took the name of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, of Gracedieu, to see the alterations at Wymeswold, and introduced him to Alford and his pupils. Mr. Phillipps in his turn invited his hosts to come to Gracedieu and see the newly built abbey church of Mount St. Bernard. The invitation was accepted by Alford, who went accompanied by John, afterwards Sir John Willoughby Jones, and the young John Morris. The visit was a very agreeable

¹ Something must have been here supplied from another paper.

one, as Mr. Phillipps, himself a convert, took a lively interest in all the ecclesiastical, artistic, antiquarian, and architectural questions, which were engaging the attention of his guests from Wymeswold. Before they left they paid a visit to the abbey church, and heard the Divine Office sung in choir, in the first Cistercian monastery which had been established in England since the Reformation.

In a subsequent controversy Alford deprecated any special importance being attached to this visit, saying truly enough, that many others besides himself had "gone, gazed, and returned," without being shaken in their Protestantism. Nor indeed does it seem to have had any immediate effect on his pupil, on the contrary it may for the moment have marked the fullest stage of his Anglican development. Such at least was decidedly Alford's view; for immediately afterwards, as he says, "when the time of his going to Cambridge approached, I wrote, as my custom is, a detailed character of him to his college tutor at Trinity. In that letter I stated that should he, as I anticipated, pass through the University with credit, and take orders, he would prove a valuable minister of the Church of England, from the depth of his attachment to her, and his freedom from those Romish errors, which in these days we are called upon to combat."¹

All this may be true, but a period of doubt was almost immediately to begin, during which the remembrance of that visit and the recollection of the monks and of their music would come back like a vision of peace, and in later life he is reported to have said that the chanting, which he had then heard, had no small share in his subsequent conversion.

The commencement of his doubts was due to a catastrophe to the Anglican Church which shook thousands of its members, and made many besides himself investigate anew the claims on them of the ecclesiastical body in which they had been born. Just as Morris came up to Cambridge, in October, 1845, John Henry Newman was received into the Church, and ere many days had passed, his conversion was the talk of the whole kingdom. Henceforth the Anglican theory of the Church to which Morris had hitherto clung, began slowly to fade away. At first, of course, with his inborn loyalty, he tried his best to resist the ruin of the beliefs which he had received with such reverence, and a series of letters to Mr. Phillipps shows how he

¹ *Times*, November 6, 1846.

persevered as long as he conscientiously could, against the ever deepening conviction, that the Roman Church was after all the one and only Church.

These letters¹ are too fully worked out to be printed at length here, the first commences as follows :

Trinity College, Cambridge,

XXII. Sunday after Trinity. [Oct. 19], 1845.

My dear Mr. Phillips,—You may perhaps remember that when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, you gave me your kind permission to write to you. I little then thought that, before I should be able to avail myself of it, the heavy loss, which we have been expecting so long, should have fallen upon our Church. The Church of England has lost one of her most deeply learned and most holy sons, one who was once her most zealous defender ; for really, the loss of Mr. Newman is so great, that it makes one forget the many who have gone with him. Humanly speaking, it is the greatest blow the Church has ever had. . . .

Morris then goes on to speak of the effect of Newman's conversion on a project then much discussed—the re-union of the Western Church. They had already broached the subject at the time of the visit to Gracedieu, and Phillips, who had gone carefully into the question and discussed it with several of the Oxford leaders, returned “a long and interesting answer,” the tenor of which may be conjectured from the work, which he subsequently published under the title of *The Future Unity of Christendom*. Morris's answer to this is dated November 13, and contains a long and explicit account of his view of the Branch theory of the Church, for which again we cannot find room here.

At this point the correspondence flagged for some time, and we may therefore turn in the interim to John Morris's brief career at the University.

Towards the end of November he became the pupil of the late Mr. F. A. Paley, whose name, sure to be respected at Cambridge for the sake of his illustrious grandfather, was now becoming known on account of his excellent editions of *Æschylus*. The acquaintance was further cemented by the interest they each took in ecclesiastical antiquities. Paley was then one of the Honorary Secretaries to the Cambridge Camden Society, amongst whose members were numbered most of the Cambridge High Churchmen, and Alford had been elected at

¹ I am indebted to Mrs. de Lisle for the knowledge of these interesting letters.

the commencement of the year. Shortly after this, however, and not long before Morris came up, the Society nearly foundered, owing to the tide of unpopularity which was setting against the High Church party. As it was, a considerable number of the more dignified members, headed by two Bishops, seceded, and by the end of the next year the Society found it more expedient to change its name and place of abode, and commenced in London a new life under the name of the Ecclesiological Society.

It does not surprise us to find, in the first report published after the secessions above alluded to, the name of "John Morris, Esq., Trinity College," in the list of Ordinary Members. No doubt he attended their meetings with interest, and found amongst the members many friends, nor would he have refused to take his share in the troubles which befell the Society at large, because of the religious spirit in which they were supposed to have pursued their antiquarian hobbies.

Meanwhile the formal relations of tutor and pupil between Morris and Paley, and even the intimacies of fellow-antiquarians, were being overshadowed by the confidences of mutual friendship. "I have been," wrote Paley, "one of Mr. Morris's principal friends and companions, from a certain congeniality of sentiment as well as from the great regard I have had for his character," for he was "well informed and sensible, . . . and of a highly religious and devotional turn of mind."

Perfect intimacy being thus established, they were not slow to discuss *the* question of the hour. "On my first acquaintance," says Paley, "I at once perceived that his mind was thoroughly conversant and even engrossed with the unhappy controversy about Romanists and Protestants," and "we often and freely conversed upon that subject of deep interest to us both." "Finding him fully alive to the interests of the question, and fully acquainted with the ordinary topics of controversy, I made no reserve at all of my own sentiments. I never concealed from him the difficulties which prevented me from wishing to join the Roman Church, nor, on the other hand, the sympathies I entertained for not a few of its practices and even doctrines."

These details are taken from Mr. Paley's letters to the *Times* after Morris's reception into the Church, and although there is no indication that the younger man learned any specific Catholic doctrine from his senior (indeed the latter believed that he held all the articles of the Catholic faith before they

met at all), he probably did learn from him to be more and more independent in making his choice between the contending claims of Anglicanism and Rome.

Paley, it is true, did "earnestly and seriously express his solemn conviction of the extreme danger of haste and rashness in judging; and invariably spoke of the vast difficulty as well as presumption of a very young man deciding on such a tremendous point of religious faith." Such representations, however, were not likely to have the same weight with one of Morris's temperament as the threat of damnation invoked by Alford on all who should be found guilty of the sin of schism. Yet it was to Alford that the young man turned first and most filially in his doubts.

As early as the previous November, he had set the state of his mind before his old master. "That day," said the latter, "was the beginning of a long and painful correspondence between us." It speaks, indeed, well for Morris's docility that he should have persevered as he did in this "painful" process. At Alford's advice he accepted an invitation to spend part of his Christmas holidays with a parson in Hampshire, in order to find in his counsels quiet for his trouble of mind. He also carefully read Alford's *Earnest Dissuasive from Joining the Church of Rome*, which was published at this time, and was specially written, the author tells us, to meet "Morris's own case, and the state of society which his letters described."

Though Alford says that he "received Morris's "warmest thanks" for this paper, and an expression of the hope that "it might do good, for it was much needed at Cambridge," it soon became evident that the check to his Romeward tendencies had been but transient. On the 18th of February he wrote again to Mr. Phillipps, much impressed by the stream of converts who had been steadily following Newman into the Church. "I am afraid my hopes of the restoration of unity have become weaker, for if such a man as Faber, who while he was with us, was surely with us in heart and soul, can now speak as he does of the English Church, I am afraid our hope of reunion is very small." The letter concludes as follows:

I am very glad to see your little work on the Gregorian musick announced as soon to be expected;¹ I trust it may help the return of the good, old Church musick, in which saints and angels have delighted,

¹ *The Little Gradual* (Toovey) appeared in 1847.

and may assist in giving the death-blow to the modern flippant, almost profane musick, which usually reminds me of extempore prayers, for they seem equally irreverent modes of approaching the Lord.

I hope Mr. Alford is prospering in his good work of restoring his church to some faint similitude of its mediæval glories; I have some hopes of being able to pay him a visit about Easter, and I expect to find the work very far advanced. I wish most heartily it were not quite so nearly a solitary instance among us.

Let me ask you to pray for me, and ever believe me, my dear Mr. Phillipps, most sincerely and faithfully yours,

JOHN MORRIS.

His next letter, March 22, after referring again to the proposed journey to Wymeswold, adds, "I hope to give myself the pleasure of calling upon you and Mrs. Phillipps, and once more hearing the Gregorian tones of the monks of Mount St. Bernard. I have heard no musick since I left Leicestershire to be compared with that."

To Wymeswold he went that Easter on what was destined to be for him a critical visit. Religious high festival was being held there on the occasion of the re-opening of the church. Many members of the High Church party were present, and some noted preachers. Alford sincerely hoped and Morris still desired that he might find at such a time and in such a gathering some person or principle to confirm his failing allegiance to Anglicanism. "He was very wavering, when he came to us at Easter," wrote Alford, "and I had several long and serious talks with him, and vainly hoped I had removed his doubts."

Vain hope indeed. Wavering he had come, and wavering he left. His Protestantism was, in fact, very nearly ended.

Easter term began that year at Cambridge on April the 9th, and by the 29th he had made up his mind that a Catholic he must be, and communicated his intention in the first instance to Mr. Phillipps.

Trinity College, Cambridge,

St. Peter Martyr, April 29, 1846.

My dear Mr. Phillipps,—I think it is only due to the great kindness with which you have interested yourself in me, that I should be the first to tell you that by God's grace and good favour towards me, I have at length resolved to submit myself at the first opportunity to the Holy Catholic Church. . . . I cannot be too thankful to God for having of His great mercy given me grace to make this resolution, while my life is as yet unspent, that I may be enabled to spend my energies in His service, in His Holy Church, and thus retrieve as far as in me lies the

faults I have committed in rebelling against His Church from my baptism until this day. . . .

I have not, I trust, hastily made up my mind, but I have reflected much and earnestly on this most important subject. . . . The change in my belief, too, has been very gradual. . . . As I have been more and more enabled to see that the Roman Church is the Catholic Church, so I have also seen that what she authoritatively teaches as doctrine is to be believed as *THE TRUTH*. This I do most heartily believe, and therefore acknowledging her to be the Church, I have thrown away my private judgment, and unhesitatingly believe as she bids me. . . .

Almost immediately after the despatch of this letter, Morris discovered that, as so happened, Dr. William Wareing, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District, was in Cambridge on a visit, and had been introduced to his tutor, who gives this account of what followed: "On the next day, a party of several was formed, among whom were two Roman Catholic priests. As a matter of ordinary courtesy, as well as of interest to my pupil, I introduced him (as one of the party) to the Bishop. . . . This . . . led to an invitation to meet the Bishop at tea the same evening, and hither we both went. Here my pupil had some further conversation with the Bishop." The subject of that conversation was Morris's reception into the Church, and they seem to have discussed the two principal objections, which were the absence of his father from England and the destruction of all worldly prospects involved in his leaving Anglicanism. The Bishop very kindly offered him a scholarship at the English College, Rome, which he had in his gift, as an escape from the latter difficulty, and to obviate the former it was settled that he should put off his reception for a few months.

Mr. Phillipps was not slow in congratulating his young friend on his resolution, but urged him to join the Church without delay, though his reception might well be kept secret until his father's return. Morris communicated this to the Bishop, and the feast of the Ascension was finally settled as the day when the step should be taken.

The privacy which Phillipps had recommended, meant that this resolution should be kept from his mother, then in weak health, and should only be revealed to his aunt, to Alford, and to Paley. What representations the first of these three made, I have not seen recorded. Alford published the secret on the first opportunity, with disagreeable consequences, to which we

shall have to return. Paley says: "The very night he went to be united with the (Roman) Church, I implored him at length and with every argument in my power, either to postpone his intention, or at least to set the whole cause—his youth, his absent father, his want of reading and spiritual counsellors—before the Bishop, if perchance Dr. Wareing should not see (which did strongly occur to my mind) the absolute duty of waiting for his father's return to England at least."

But Morris was convinced, and feeling that all further delay would be against his conscience, set off for Northampton and was received into the Church by the Bishop on the 20th of May, being Wednesday, the eve of the Ascension, 1846. On the morrow's feast he made his First Communion, and received Confirmation next day in the Bishop's private chapel. One little incident which happened there, I remember his telling me. The only other person to be confirmed beside himself was a servant-maid, and they two sat by themselves on two chairs in the middle of the chapel to receive the Bishop's homily, which was delivered to them with as much solemnity as if a large congregation had been present. Suddenly the ridiculous side of the scene suggested itself to the young undergraduate, and he was seized with a fit of laughter, in his efforts to suppress which he nearly choked himself.

There was little else about his conversion which afforded matter for laughter. Alford having disclosed the step that had been taken, vexatious consequences ensued, that can easily be imagined. A storm of indignation was raised against the young convert. "They seem," he says in his next letter to Mr. Phillipps, "to regard my case as one of such great iniquity, that apparently it is to be made public as a beacon to prevent others from following in my path." It would seem, however, that, in view of his leaving the University almost at once, no public measures of reprehension were actually taken.

Happily the peace that followed conversion enabled him to bear all with patience, and it is also probably fortunate that his attention at the time was necessarily taken up with examinations. Thus the last three weeks of his stay at Cambridge, despite the frowns of former friends, and the uncertainty as to the future, were passed with great equanimity; indeed, to judge from the following extracts, joy and satisfaction seem to have predominated in his soul.

+ Trinity College, June 10,
S. Margarita, R.V., 1846.

My dear Mr. Phillipps,—I have been long wishing to write to you, but I have been so much occupied that I have been unable. . . . Every day that I live do I feel the blessed privilege, to which I have been admitted, more and more, every day do I thank God for His grace towards me. . . . As the saintly kings of old, I “rejoice with an exceeding great joy.” . . .

I am going home to-morrow, . . . and I fear I shall have little to do for the next three months; I then expect my father home, and I hope then to receive permission to go to Rome, to the Eternal City, the spiritual μέσον γὰρ μέλαθρον, the “Beatorum Apostolorum Sacra limina,” to prepare there for that noblest of all services, the restoration of England to her former beauty, to spend and to be spent in the great cause of England’s conversion, which may God forward in His own good time, Amen.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

JOHN MORRIS.

Thus closed John Morris’s career at Cambridge. It had lasted only one short year, yet that one was indeed fruitful in results. His education was of course still far from complete, but foundations had been laid which would render it afterwards conspicuous for precision and accuracy, qualities which Cambridge is ever justly proud of imprinting on the minds of her alumni. In religious development the year had been more effective still. Education at home and with a private tutor had fostered the innate piety and exquisite reverence of his character, without suffering them to be fettered by the conventions which prevent ordinary schoolboys from displaying any further interest in religious matters than that sanctioned by the public opinion of their fellows. Alford’s High Church tendencies, on the contrary, led his pupil to be willing to carry out a principle to new conclusions, and not be afraid of adopting fresh views if such seemed the logical outcome of those already received. Hence his rapid advance towards the Church, which, however, while under his tutor, he had not seriously thought of entering. At Cambridge a further development takes place. He sees Newman and others leaving Anglicanism, and in the more independent atmosphere he now breathes, the idea of going and doing likewise takes possession of his mind. He steadily considers the reasons for and against the step to be taken, and consults those sure to hold him back much more frequently than those who might urge him on. But ere the

year was out, he sees clearly the direction in which his convictions are leading him, and advances at the call of conscience with admirable promptitude and vigour, corresponding to the firmness and resolution with which he bore the troubles that befell him in consequence.

Besides prematurely disclosing his secret, Alford removed from Wymeswold Church the cross Morris had erected in memory of his brother and sister, and sent back his subscription to the restoration of the fabric. If he spoke in public about the conversion, it was only, it seemed, in order to turn away unpopularity from himself at the cost of Morris's other friends. The trial to one so affectionately sympathetic towards his friends, as Morris ever was, can easily be imagined. His mother's reception of him, too, and a certain measure of ostracism from the home circle which she thought it her duty to enforce, must also have been hard ; while his father, to whom he was so loyally attached, and whose return from India had been so long looked forward to, now gave him much to bear.

Dr. Virtue, the Bishop of Portsmouth, for forty years an intimate friend of Father Morris, informs me that the latter, not long before his death, while stopping at Portsmouth, pointed out the church where he had gone to Mass in the summer of 1846. He added that at that time his father had discussed various plans to prevent his bad example from affecting the other children, amongst which were projects of sending him into business in China or India. The firm by which he was to have been employed had nearly completed their agreement, when they discovered the fact of his conversion, and straightway rescinded the arrangement, after which his father gave the desired permission to go to Rome. Father Morris added that all the while he had felt quite confident about the result. If God wanted him to be a Jesuit, He would work out His design as easily in China as in England.

The history of the working out of that design is the story of the life of Father Morris, which must be left for another place. The episode we have been considering, needs for its conclusion only a few words about those left at Cambridge.

On the 18th of June a paragraph appeared in the *Times*, copied from the *Cambridge Advertiser*, announcing the conversion, and adding "that stringent measures are, it is said, about to be adopted in order to stop any further movement in the same direction. In particular it is rumoured that

Mr. Morris's tutor has called upon the authorities to institute proceedings against a resident Master of Arts of another college, well known for his classical attainments, on the ground that he is suspected of using his influence against the Establishment. . . . At the present stage it is unnecessary to publish the names of the persons alluded to, although they are pretty well known to persons conversant with the internal administration of our colleges." No such steps against Paley as Alford here calls for, appear to have been taken during the long vacation; but when the scholars began to return in October, a letter appeared in the *Times*, signed by "A Father," urging that paper "to hold up to the scorn and indignation of every virtuous mind" the conduct of the "Resident M.A.," whose name was also now made public. The *Times*, of course, rose to the occasion, and strongly urged Paley's expulsion and disgrace. Then the *mêlée* became general. Paley retorted on Alford, who returned to the charge, assisted by several correspondents of similar sentiments, while "A Father" accused Dr. Wareing of offering his convert a "dispensation" to sham being a Protestant after leaving its communion, while suspicions and insinuations were freely thrown out against Pugin and Phillipps and the Cambridge Camden Society. "The conduct of the agents of Rome," said Alford, "in this and other lamentable cases, has rendered it our duty, even in ordinary intercourse, to suspect and distrust the most amiable professors of their faith." Poor Paley suffered most, for he was made "the victim," as the *English Churchman* truly said, "to the paid Protestantism of the men who do the 'ecclesiastical' for the daily press." He was turned out of his college, and his career in the University was seriously, though not permanently, injured. For the rest, it will suffice here to say that Mr. Phillipps, in a local paper, disposed of Alford's charges made against him, and that Mr. Pugin answered that he had no merit or share in the conversion whatever, as they had had no other communications except those connected with the erection of the memorial of his brother and sister. Dr. Wareing remained prudently silent until challenged by "A Catholic" to contradict the rumours current about his having granted a dispensation to his convert to sham Protestantism. To this he answered (Nov. 6) that Morris, "in returning to his home, was not required to trespass unnecessarily on the feelings of his mother, by avowing his change of faith and claiming the *public* exercise of it. He

was left to the performance of his religious duties to the best of his power *privately*, and in this I 'acted' solely with a view to spare the feelings of a beloved mother, till the return of his father, to whom he was prepared to state respectfully his change of religion."

After this the subject languished, but it was revived again at the time of the "Papal Aggression" scare, when Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. Page Wood, the Solicitor General, in a speech during the debate on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill (February 10, 1851), gave a cleverly distorted description of Father Morris's conversion, omitting however all proper names. Father Morris, a distant relative of the speaker, was present at the debate, in company with his friend, Mr. Robert Berkeley, of Spetchley, who informs me that, when Page Wood had finished his inaccurate presentment of the case, Father Morris turned round and remarked with characteristic energy, "I would give my two eyes and my two ears to answer that man."

We will conclude with a pleasanter episode about Alford, with which we shall be glad to leave him. Morris and he met, and this is the description of their meeting, which Alford sent home to his wife :

[Morris] and I had luncheon together, and a two hours talk about the whole matter. I am very glad that this has been so, for it has given me the opportunity of healing wounds, and removing misapprehensions, which although kept in the background by his affection for me, were evidently still existing. We also had much talk about the Church of Rome, and our different but now perfectly intelligible positions; his, that of traditional sacramental transmission of Christianity; mine, that of individual guidance by the Holy Spirit, the promise of the covenant irrespective of any external form of Church. Certainly no two could be more opposite, and no two more without hope of any approximation.

He is the same kind, earnest fellow as ever, full of energy and affection.

J. H. POLLEN.

M. Dalbus on Anglican Orders.

THE question of Anglican Orders may be said to have entered upon a new phase. A French ecclesiastic, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Fernand Dalbus," has published a small pamphlet in which, although finally deciding against Anglican Orders, he lays down principles not unnaturally taken by many to point in an opposite conclusion. He assumes, with a very inadequate knowledge of the facts, that Barlow was a truly consecrated Bishop, and he likewise accepts the Anglican rite used at the consecration of Archbishop Parker as containing all the essentials of a valid ordinal.

On these two primary points, therefore, M. Dalbus' verdict is in favour of the Anglican succession, but he finds against it on the ground that two other essentials for validity were missing, a proper intention on the part of the minister, and a ceremony of Tradition of the Instruments in the form for the ordination of priests. The want of intention he considers with special reference to Barlow and his colleagues at the consecration of Parker, and this defect if it existed must have invalidated the Anglican succession at its source. The omission of tradition of the instruments (*i.e.* of the paten and chalice) he considers with reference to the after generations of clergy. He takes up the position that this ceremony, having been authoritatively introduced, is essential in the Western Church, and that a valid priesthood is an essential pre-requisite to a valid episcopate. Of course, if these two contentions are correct, there can have been no Anglican priests after the generation ordained under Mary, and therefore no Anglican bishops.

Such is the argument of M. Dalbus against Anglican Orders, and we are by no means prepared to deny absolutely its soundness. It may be that the intention of Barlow was so defective that even if conjoined with a sufficient rite it would have failed to impart to it the sacramental character. It may also be that the Church has power so to prescribe a new

ceremony as to render its employment essential, and that she has used this power in reference to tradition of the instruments. Both these propositions have been and are maintained by some Catholic theologians, and the arguments in their favour are not so slender as is commonly thought. Still the more common opinion of our theologians regards them as of small probability, and one cannot therefore be surprised that M. Dalbus' Anglican reviewers, while gratefully accepting his admissions in regard to Barlow's consecration and Cranmer's Order for the Consecration of Bishops, should reject his other propositions, and claim that his final conclusion should have been in recognition of their Orders.

However, it is not only Anglican writers who have met M. Dalbus in this way. They have secured a powerful ally in the Abbé Duchesne. This writer, reviewing M. Dalbus in the *Bulletin Critique* (August 15th), says, "If his premisses" (that is, his judgment on the alleged episcopal character of Barlow and on the rite employed to consecrate Parker) "seem to me perfectly sound, I am still obliged to draw from them conclusions quite opposed to those which he draws," and he presently gives it as his deliberate opinion that "English Ordinations may be considered valid."

We cannot complain if Anglicans receive this judgment of M. Duchesne with jubilation, but what should be our own feelings in the face of it? At the first blush we may naturally feel some irritation that a distinguished Catholic writer, belonging to a foreign country, should not only form a judgment on an important point of our English religious history at variance with the almost unanimous judgment of English Catholic students, but should brush aside their chief arguments with a mere waive of the hand, not even deigning to state his reasons for disagreeing with them, and apparently not even having thought it necessary to read their best books.¹ Still, on reflection, we may be well satisfied with what has happened. God knows that we are moved by no mere party spirit to deny their Orders, and God knows that in urging upon them so persistently the claims of the Catholic Church we are moved solely by the desire to share with them the good things of God's truth. How, indeed, should it be otherwise, bound as we are

¹ Canon Estcourt's *The Question of Anglican Ordinations* is quite a classical work on this subject, but there is no trace of acquaintance with it either in M. Dalbus' pamphlet or in M. Duchesne's review.

to them by the ties of race, of friendship, of near relationship? How should it be otherwise, when our great cross is that, on account of our religion, we are ostracized from a sympathy it is hard to lose? We know very well that if we could but forget the exclusive claims of our Church, disregard the mandate to "Go and preach," and give up "proselytism," much of this sympathy would return to us. But we know also that to buy it back on such terms would be to sacrifice their interests to our comforts, and we could not be so ungenerous.

Would that we could convince them that these are our real intentions, and that we are not so base and heartless as to wish to wound their feelings, and carry distress into their homes, for the mere delight of a party triumph in drawing over to our ranks a few "proselytes." Still, as it seems hopeless to expect them to appreciate our motives, at all events for some long time to come, it should at least be consoling to learn that they have found abroad some Catholics in the sincerity and friendliness of whose feelings they can believe, and from whose lips they may perhaps afterwards, with less of the bias which distrust engenders, listen to an exposition of the claims of Papal jurisdiction. If that result should follow from the recognition accorded by M. Dalbus and M. Duchesne to Anglican Orders, we may surely feel that if another result is to make our Anglican friends more convinced for the moment that we here at home are animated only by evil motives, the price, though a little heavy for us to bear, will be cheap enough for the happy gain.

And even in respect of the question of Anglican Orders it may prove a blessing that they have found supporters among distinguished Continental Catholics; for the effect may be to elicit that authoritative utterance from the Holy See which M. Duchesne invites. In itself such an utterance might seem superfluous, the mind of the Holy See being sufficiently manifested by the unvarying course it has pursued from the days of Queen Mary to the present time, in directing the absolute re-ordination of convert clergymen. But Anglicans maintain that this course was adopted in days when liturgical knowledge was in its infancy and tradition of the instruments was regarded as necessary; that it has been adhered to rather out of respect for past precedents than from any judgment based on present knowledge, and that if only the supreme authority could be induced to undertake a fresh and independent inquiry in the

light of our present more extended knowledge, a judgment in favour of placing Anglican Orders on the same footing as Oriental Orders might be anticipated. And this is also the anticipation of M. Duchesne, who, moreover, expresses it in what he must allow us to call a peculiarly unpleasant form. He writes in the review referred to :

It follows from all this that English Ordinations may be considered valid. I know that at Rome the contrary opinion is not only taught as a theory, but reduced into practice ; and ministers who are converted are reordained before they are allowed to take duty in the Catholic Church. But the Roman Church is bound to take some account of the scruples of its members. In the present state of public opinion, few Catholics would receive the sacraments from a minister who they know had received no other ordination but that of the English Church. In these questions it is only natural to multiply guarantees.

But if from the practice and opinion of the present day you go back to the time when this practice and opinion began in the sixteenth century, it must always be remembered that the state of knowledge in antiquities and in liturgy was not at that time such as to make it wise to throw doubt upon the theories of the schoolmen. Judged according to these theories, then universally accepted in the orthodox world, Anglican Ordinations would be regarded as invalid or be looked upon with a good deal of suspicion. If you add to this the myths about Parker and Barlow, which were circulated at an early date, you will then have more than is necessary to explain the origin of Roman practice and of Catholic opinion.

There seems no reason why we should not believe that in the course of time this opinion will alter, and that the ecclesiastical authorities themselves will change their attitude. But it is no business of mine to give them advice ; though I cannot help thinking that it may not be altogether useless to call to this subject the attention of those whose business it is to deal with matters of this kind.

One would almost imagine M. Duchesne was under the misapprehension that the practice is to re-ordain convert clergymen only conditionally. But the passage quoted seems to speak distinctly of absolute re-ordination, and it is hard to understand it otherwise than as attributing to, and defending in, the ecclesiastical authorities conscious sacrilege. How M. Duchesne can find such a theory tolerable we must acknowledge ourselves unable to conceive, but we quote his words just now only as contributing to found our anticipation that whilst these views are abroad and are making much stir, being advocated not merely by Anglicans, but also by distinguished

Catholic students, it is more than likely that the Holy See will deem it necessary to speak out in explanation of its own action; and that if such an utterance should be elicited in response to M. Duchesne's invitation, the recognition accorded by the latter to Anglican Orders may prove to have been a signal blessing.

Meanwhile, let us re-examine the evidences for and against the Church's traditional attitude towards them. For high as M. Duchesne's authority rightly counts, and we would be among the first to acknowledge a feeling of pride in, and a debt of gratitude to, the Catholic student who carries on so brilliantly the important work of Morinus, Martène, Muratore, and others, it cannot dispense from the duty of comparing his conclusions with the evidences, and exercising our own judgment upon them. Nor can we forget that a man may be an able investigator of historical facts, and yet not an able interpreter of their theological significance—an excellent historian but not an excellent theologian. Indeed, the passage just quoted is surely evidence that M. Duchesne is a little weak in his theology; otherwise how could he tolerate the notion that the re-ordination of one recognized to be in valid Orders could be justified by any circumstances whatever. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to feel that our quarrel is much more with his theology than with his history; that, indeed, as far as the history is concerned, we can take him to a very large extent as our guide.

There are several points which will need to be dealt with, but in the present article we propose to confine ourselves to this one question, whether Cranmer's Ordinal should be treated, both in theory and in practice, as fitted to convey valid Orders. In M. Duchesne's judgment it is fit, being "substantially the same as the ritual of the Greek Church, and even of the Latin Church of the twelfth century;" and as it is fit, he personally does not see why ecclesiastical practice should not recognize its fitness, although, like a good Catholic, he defers his own judgment to that of the Church. Is then this view justified by the facts?

To answer the question we need, in the first place, to have set before us the substantive portions of the Oriental and of the ancient Western Ordinals. In the second place, we shall need to compare with these ancient liturgical forms and their later developments, the Ordinal devised by Archbishop Cranmer, and used at the consecration of Parker and of the Anglican clergy who trace back their Orders to that event. In the third,

we must inquire what, in view of the contrast or similarity between Cranmer's Ordinal and those recognized as sufficient by the Catholic Church, should be the expected attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities towards the former.

Anciently two liturgical usages (speaking generally) prevailed in the Western Church, the Roman and the so-called Gallican. The Roman was, of course, that which the Roman Church used, with the full belief that she had received it from St. Peter himself. The Gallican usage is one which prevailed in Gaul and other Cisalpine regions from the fourth century onwards till it gave place to the Roman. The origin of this Gallican usage is the subject of much controversy, into which fortunately we need not enter. It will be sufficient to say that M. Duchesne traces it back to Milan in the fourth century, and thence to the East. The alternative to this theory would derive it from the Roman usage in an earlier stage of the development of the latter. The two usages are most studied with reference to their Eucharistic liturgies, but in the present article we are only concerned with their forms for ordination.

To begin with the Roman usage, the simplest and most ancient form of which is found in the so-called Leonine Sacramentary, a document which M. Duchesne refers to the middle of the sixth century, which means of course that the form we are about to give is on any supposition very much older. M. Duchesne gives it as follows:¹

Invitatory.

Let us pray, beloved, that the benignity of Almighty God may bestow the abundance of His grace on these persons who are to be promoted for the good of the Church.

Litany.

Prayer.

Be propitious, O Lord, to our supplications, and, inverting over these Thy servants the horn of sacerdotal grace, pour out upon them the power of Thy benediction.

Eucharistic Prayer (with imposition of hands).

It is very meet, . . . O God of all the honours (*Deus honorum omnium*), God of all the dignities which serve the Orders consecrated to Thy glory; God who didst hold converse of familiar intimacy with Thy servant Moses, and instructing him amongst other ordinances of worship, concerning the manner of the priestly dress, didst command that the elect Aaron should be clothed during the Divine offices in a

¹ Duchesne, *Origines du Culte Chretien*, p. 346.

mystic garment ; that the posterity to come after might from the example of those who have gone before, receive the sense of understanding, and that no age might be without its instruction in doctrine, whilst with the elders the figures fraught with meaning should attract reverence, and with us the experience of the fulfilment should inspire a certainty beyond the symbols of the figures. For the raiment of that former priesthood is the ornament of our mind, and to us the pontifical glory is commended, not by the glory of the vestments, but by the splendour of soul. For those things which of old gave pleasure to the eyes of flesh demanded such things as were foreshadowed by them. And, therefore, grant, O Lord, Thy grace to these Thy servants, whom Thou hast chosen for the ministry of the high priesthood (*summi sacerdotii*), that what those garments signified by the brightness of gold, the glitter of jewels, the diversities of varied workmanship, may shine forth in the habits and actions of these men. Accomplish in Thy priests the full measure of Thy mystery (*al. ministry*), and having arrayed them in every glorious-adornment, sanctify them with them with the dew of Thy heavenly unction. Let this, O Lord, flow plenteously upon their heads, let this run down upon their beards, let this descend to the lowest parts of their bodies, that the power of Thy Spirit may fill them within and encompass them without. Let constancy of faith, purity of love, sincerity of peace abound in them.

[Through Thy gift let their feet be beautiful as they go to announce the Gospel of peace, the Gospel of good things. Give them, O Lord, the ministry of reconciliation in word and in deed, and in the power of signs and prodigies. Let their speech and their preaching be not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the manifestation of the spirit and of power. Give them, O Lord, the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven ; let them use, without boasting, the power Thou dost give them for edification, not destruction. Whatsoever they shall bind on earth, let it be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever they shall have loosed on earth, let it be loosed in Heaven. Whose sins they shall retain, let them be retained, and whose sins they remit, let them be remitted. Let him who blesses them be blessed, and him who curses them be filled with curses. Let them be faithful and prudent servants, whom Thou, O Lord, mayest set over Thy family to give them food in the needful season, that they may show forth (in themselves) the perfect man. Let them be active in their solicitude, and fervent in spirit. Let them hate pride, love truth, and never desert it, overcome by weariness or fear. Let them not turn light into darkness or darkness into light. Let them not call evil good, or good evil. Let them be debtors to the wise, and gather fruit from the advancement of all.]¹

¹ This bracketed portion is not in the Leonine or Gregorian Sacramentary, but M. Duchesne believes it to have belonged to the original Roman rite. Similar language concerning the remission of sins is found in several of the Oriental forms among them in that contained in the so-called Apostolic Constitutions.

Bestow upon them the throne of the Episcopate to rule Thy Church and all Thy people. Be to them authority, be to them power, be to them strength. Multiply upon them Thy blessing and Thy grace, that through Thy gift they may be fitted, that through Thy grace they may be devoted, and so ever successfully implore Thy mercy.

This is the Roman rite for conferring the Episcopate; the corresponding rites for conferring the Priesthood and the Diaconate are constructed on the same lines, and have for the Eucharistic Prayer accompanying the imposition of hands a form which has the same commencing words, *Deus honorum omnium*, &c., and follows the same type as the form given above, the variations being such as to adapt it to the order communicated.

This Roman form found in the MSS. of the Leonine and Gregorian Sacramentary and of the *Ordines Romani*, first published by Morinus, has held its place ever since, though with additions, in all editions of the Roman Pontifical and the various local Pontificals derived from it. No distinct form of ordination can be referred with any certainty to the Gallican usage, and if this usage was derived from an earlier form of the Roman usage, none is to be expected. If, on the other hand, the theory of its Eastern origin is true, there must have been a distinct form, and M. Duchesne, on inferential grounds, believes himself to have found it in a prayer now bedded in the more developed Roman rite. Of course we must take this possibility into consideration. If M. Duchesne, then, is correct, the Gallican rite conferred Orders by imposition of hands accompanied by a Eucharistic Prayer similar in character to that above given, though of different wording. As no such prayer for conveying the Episcopate is forthcoming, we may give that for the Priesthood.

Author of all sanctifications, whose consecration is true, whose benediction is full, do Thou, O Lord, pour out the gift of Thy benediction on this Thy servant whom we dedicate in (*al* to) the honour of the presbyterate; that by the gravity of his actions and the circumspection of his life he may prove himself to be a (true) senior (*i.e.* presbyter), well trained to the discipline which Paul expounded to Titus and Timothy; that meditating in Thy law, O Almighty (God), day and night, he may believe what he has read, teach what he has believed, imitate what he has taught; that he may show forth in himself, approve by his example, and confirm by his admonitions, justice, constancy,

mercy, fortitude ; that he may preserve the pure and immaculate gift of Thy ministry, and in the service of Thy people may transform with immaculate benediction the Body and Blood of Thy Son. . . .

These, then, were the two liturgical types in respect to ordination which prevailed throughout the Latin Church previous to about the ninth century ; the Roman, if we accept M. Duchesne's inferences, being originally confined to Rome and Africa, the Gallican extending to North Italy, Spain, Gaul, Ireland, and Celtic Britain.

But the Gallican Ordinal, if it ever existed as a distinct form, was destined to give place to the Roman, although the latter adopted and incorporated with itself some of its prayers and ceremonies, so that what we have had throughout almost the entire West since the ninth century is the Roman enriched with these intrusive elements. Thus, if the reader will turn to the present Roman Pontifical he will find in the rite for ordaining priests just this ancient prayer, *Deus honorum omnium*, accompanying the imposition of hands, and afterwards, though no longer with an accompanying imposition of hands, the alleged Gallican prayer, *Deus sanctificationum*. And the same will be found in all the English pre-Reformation uses, those of Salisbury, Exeter, Winchester, Bangor, as may be seen in Maskell's *Monumenta Ritualia*,¹ in fact, in all Western Ordinals for the last thousand years and more.

In passing from these earliest known forms of the Western Ordinal to take note, so far as our purpose requires, of its subsequent development, we may disengage our attention from all texts save those of the English Pontificals in use previously to the Reformation, and the modern Roman Pontifical, which has subsisted substantially in its present form since the thirteenth century. Comparing these later forms with the earlier, we find that many beautiful and expressive prayers have been added in the course of time, but that the imposition of hands, and the accompanying Eucharistic Prayer or Preface, *Deus honorum omnium*, still hold their ancient place. Among the added ceremonies we need only distinguish the following : Tradition of the Instruments, Unction of the Head or Hands, each with an appropriate form of words, and an additional Imposition of Hands, accompanied by the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost." By tradition of the instruments is meant tradition of the Book of the Gospels to the deacon, and of the

¹ Vol. iii.

paten and chalice to the priest, and perhaps we may include under this category the holding of the Book of the Gospels on the shoulder of the Bishop during the imposition of hands and Eucharistic Prayer. This last named ceremony is very ancient, being mentioned in the *Statuta Antiquæ Ecclesiæ*, a document of the sixth century: it does not seem, however, to have been in universal use. The tradition of the Book of the Gospels, and of the paten and chalice, are ceremonies of much more recent origin, not being found, as Morinus first demonstrated, in any Pontifical older than the twelfth century. By unction is meant the anointing of the head, which in the rite of episcopal consecration is interpolated in the Eucharistic Prayer *Deus honorum*, after the words "Sanctify them with the dew of Thy heavenly unction;" and the anointing of hands in the rite for conferring the priesthood which follows the same prayer, after an interval. This ceremony of anointing is more ancient than the tradition of the instruments, and more ancient in the consecration of bishops than in the ordination of priests. At Rome its use as regards bishops goes back to the time of St. Gregory, as regards priests to about the tenth century. As far back as the ninth century it was in use in England, whence probably it passed over to the Continent, and came into general use.

The additional and contactual¹ imposition of hands, with the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," is found as follows in the Roman Pontifical. In the rite for making deacons it is interpolated in the Eucharistic Prayer before the words, "Send forth Thy Spirit upon them," the full form of the words being, "Receive the Holy Ghost for strength, and to resist the devil and his temptations. In the name of the Lord." In the form for the priesthood the contactual imposition of hands immediately precedes the older non-contactual imposition, but is made in silence, and is followed by a similarly silent contactual imposition of the hands of the priests present at the ceremony. Another contactual imposition occurs towards the end of the Mass, accompanied by the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you remit they are remitted, and whose sins you retain they are retained." This is often spoken of as the third imposition, the other two being regarded as distinct, though Martène seems right in regarding the first and the second as

¹ During the Eucharistic Prayer the hands of the consecrating prelate are extended towards the candidate, but there is no contact.

morally one. In the rite for the episcopate, immediately before the older imposition of hands and Eucharistic Prayer, this later contactual imposition is found, the consecrator and the assistant bishops simultaneously laying on hands, and saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost." It should be particularly noticed, however, that the Eucharistic Prayer which follows is said only by the consecrator. So far the account given has referred only to the Roman Pontifical. The English Pontificals resemble the Roman in the rites of the diaconate and the priesthood, except that to the deacons are said only the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," without the added portion, "for strength," &c. But in the rite for the episcopate the contactual imposition preceding the Eucharistic Prayer is in silence for the assistant bishops, the consecrator singing the hymn *Veni Creator*. The Exeter Pontifical is, however, an exception, introducing the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," in the same manner as the Roman.

We have now sufficiently described the Western Ordinal as it still exists, and existed at the time of the Reformation. Before proceeding to draw the inferences to which its construction points, it is necessary to cast a glance at the Oriental forms. Under this name are to be included two great families. One sprung from Antioch, and including the Greek, or Constantinopolitan, the Syrian (Jacobite and Maronite), the Nestorian, and the Armenian; and the other sprung from Alexandria, and including the Coptic and the Abyssinian. As the rite of Constantinople eventually dispossessed all the others in the Churches with which it was in communion, the other rites are now to be found only among the Schismatic Churches which fell away in the times previous to the Photian schism.

In these Oriental forms what we do not find is any trace of tradition of the instruments, or of unction, or of the address, "Receive the Holy Ghost." The Armenian rite is, indeed, in a certain sense, an exception, and so, since the sixteenth century, is the Maronite. But this is, in both cases, because on returning to the obedience of the Holy See they received their ceremonies from the West. What we do find is that whereas in the West liturgical development took mainly the form of adding expressive ceremonies, in the East it issued in a vast multiplication of prayers. As some of these prayers are accompanied with imposition of hands, which in the Greek rite occurs twice, but in the Coptic three times, in the Armenian four times, there is some difficulty in determining to which of the many

impositions and conjoined prayers the sacramental effect is to be wholly or primarily attributed; for we are without texts sufficiently ancient to enable us to distinguish the parts which were original. It is, however, sufficiently clear that in their primitive condition the Oriental rites substantially resembled the Occidental in their construction. They contained, along with a few introductory prayers and announcements, the same essential elements, a Eucharistic Prayer, accompanied by imposition of hands. The texts of these Oriental prayers were verbally quite distinct from that of the Roman use, and they likewise differed among themselves, though there are the clearest traces of a common origin, and the effect of the words is in each instance substantially the same; in each instance it involves a recognition of God's power, an appeal to His past use of it under similar circumstances, and a petition to Him to use it again, by sending down His Holy Spirit in order to endow the servant whom He has elected with the qualifications necessary for his new state. We must be content to give the prayers found in the rite of Constantinople for the episcopate, and then refer the reader for further particulars to Denzinger's *Ritus Orientalium*, or to Canon Estcourt's Appendix xxxii., in which he gives and correlates the distinctive portions of each.

O Lord God our Ruler (δέσποτα κύριε ὁ θεός), who through Thy glorious Apostle Paul didst appoint an order of grades and ranks for the service and ministry at Thy holy altar of Thy venerable and immaculate mysteries, first Apostles, then Prophets, thirdly Doctors; do Thou, Lord of all things, strengthen this person, elected through the hand of me a sinner and of my fellow ministers and fellow bishops present, to take upon himself the yoke of the Gospel and the hierarchical dignity, with the advent, the power, and the grace of the Holy Spirit, as Thou didst strengthen Thy holy prophets, anoint kings, consecrate high priests; and do Thou cause his high priesthood to appear blameless, adorning him with all seemliness of behaviour and sanctifying him, that he may become worthy to supplicate what is for the salvation of the people, and Thou mayest listen to him.

O Lord our God, who because the nature of man cannot bear the presence of Thy Divinity, hast in Thy prudence set over us teachers of like passions with ourselves, that they may sit in Thy throne and offer to Thee sacrifice and oblation on behalf of Thy people; do Thou, O Lord, cause this man who is consecrated to be the dispenser of episcopal grace, to be an imitator of Thee the true Shepherd, to lay down his life for the sheep, to be a guide to the blind, a light to those in darkness, a teacher of the unwise, a lantern to the world; that,

having rightly governed the souls entrusted to him during the present life, he may without shame stand before Thy tribunal and receive the great reward which Thou hast prepared for those who strive for the preaching of the Gospel. For to Thee, our God, it belongs to show mercy and save.

We now know sufficiently the character of the pre-Reformation Ordinals, both as they are and were in the East, and as they are and were in their mediæval and more ancient forms in the West. It is time, therefore, to turn to the Anglican Ordinal, and see how it stands with regard to them.

The composition and introduction of a new Ordinal to take the place of the old Pontifical, followed close upon the substitution of a new Prayer Book for the old Service Books. The same spirit presided over the change in both cases, the desire to eliminate what was held to be superstitious in the old faith and worship. On January 25, 1550,¹ an Act was passed approving beforehand the new Ordinal which should be drawn up "by six prelates and six other men of the realm learned in God's law, by the King's Majesty to be appointed and assigned." These six prelates and six learned men were appointed on February 2nd following. Their names, with the exception of Cranmer, their chief, have not been recorded; but as within a week from that date Heath, Bishop of Worcester, was delated for refusing to subscribe to the book made by them, it is clear that the real making had been previously accomplished, in other words, by Cranmer. We may, therefore, regard it as his book, and interpret the purport of the changes from the Pontifical which it contains by his views, and we know what these were. As it was further revised in 1552, and this further revision was the form used at Parker's consecration and subsequently, *i.e.*, till 1661, when a significant addition was made in it, our quotations shall be from that.

The form for consecrating bishops, after exacting the Oath of Supremacy, the Oath of obedience to the Archbishop, directs the Litany, and a catechetical inquiry into the doctrine of the candidate, after which the *Veni Creator* is to be sung or said. Then the consecrating prelate is to say the following prayer:

Let us pray.

O Almighty and most merciful Father, which of Thy infinite goodness hast given to us Thy only and most dear beloved Son to be our Redeemer and Author of everlasting life; who after He had made

¹ See Dom Gasquet's *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, pp. 261, seq.

perfect our redemption by His Death, and was ascended into Heaven, poured down His gifts abundantly upon men, making some Apostles, some Prophets, some Evangelists, some Pastors and Doctors, to the edifying and making perfect of His congregation; grant, we beseech Thee, to this Thy servant, such grace that he may evermore be ready to spread abroad Thy Gospel, and glad tidings of reconcilment to God, and to use the authority given unto him, not to destroy, but to save; not to hurt, but to help; so that he as a wise and a faithful servant, giving to Thy family meat in due season, may at the last day be received into joy, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God, world without end.

Then the Archbishop and Bishops present shall lay their hands upon the head of the elected Bishop, and the Archbishop saying:

Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee, by the imposition of hands; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness.

Then the Archbishop shall deliver him the Bible, saying:

Give heed unto reading, exhortation, and doctrine. Think upon the things contained in this book, be diligent in them, that the increase coming thereby may be manifest unto all men. Take heed unto thyself, and unto teaching, and be diligent in doing them, for by doing this thou shalt save thyself and them that hear thee; be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf; feed them, devour them not, &c.

The form for the Ordering of Priests, in its earlier parts, closely resembles the form for the Consecration of Bishops. There is likewise a prayer on the same type as the prayer, "O Almighty and most merciful Father," just given; then, as before, follows the imposition of hands. The words here are:

Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained; and be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of His holy sacraments. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

In the "Ordering of Deacons," the words accompanying the imposition of hands are these:

Take thou authority to execute the office of a Deacon in the Church of God committed unto thee; in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

M. Dalbus, comparing these Anglican forms with those of the Pontifical, is struck by the respect shown by Cranmer for the ancient form. "In the episcopal consecration of the

Anglican Church respect is shown for this nature of the form established by the Universal Church," that is, the form of a prayer, for he takes it to be more important that the form should be that of a prayer, than that its terms should express determinately the sacramental effect. He finds likewise respect shown by Cranmer for the traditional form in the fact that the prayer "O Almighty God," &c., to some slight extent follows the type and borrows the words of the Eucharistic Prayer in the Pontifical. But, unless evisceration is a mode of respect, surely the true lesson learnt from comparison with the Pontificals is that an utter want of respect for the precedents of the past was shown.

Not merely is the tradition of the instruments, not merely is the touching ceremony of unction discarded, not merely is every expression which savours of sacerdotalism taken out of the old rite, even out of the Eucharistic Prayer (as may be seen by comparing this latter, as given above, with the Anglican correlative, "Almighty God," &c.); but this prayer itself, or rather the scanty remnant of it, is *removed from its ancient place as the accompaniment and determinant of the imposition of hands*, and converted into a mere introductory supplication; for it must be observed that the imposition of hands goes no longer with this prayer as it did previously, but is transferred elsewhere and combined with the words, "Take the Holy Ghost and remember that thou stir up," &c.

It is important to understand thoroughly the significance of this change. The Eucharistic Prayer, *Deus honorum omnium*, of the Roman and ancient English Pontificals had come in the very form in which those Pontificals gave it, at all events from about the fifth century. It is even morally certain that its origin, the origin of its complete form, dates back much further. There is an extant letter of Pope Innocent I., which M. Duchesne cites¹ as bearing on the origins of the Roman and Gallican rites. St. Innocent is writing (A.D. 416) to Decentius, Bishop of Eugubium, in answer to inquiries made by the latter, inquiries the nature of which M. Duchesne recognizes as indications that the usages before the writer's mind were those of the Gallican rite.

The letter runs as follows:

If the priests of the Lord desired to preserve ecclesiastical ordinances (*instituta*) as they were handed down to us by the Blessed Apostles, no

¹ *Ibid.* p. 81.

diversity, no variety would be found in the very Orders and Consecrations themselves. But whilst each one judges that not what has been handed down to us by tradition, but what he himself prefers should be observed, different customs seem to be followed or celebrated in different places or churches, and thus scandal is taken by the people who, not knowing that the ancient traditions have been corrupted by human presumption, imagine that either the Churches disagree among themselves or that diversities were introduced by the Apostles or apostolic men. For who does not know and consider that what was delivered to the Roman Church by St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and is to this day kept (by it), ought to be observed by all, and that no practice should be substituted or added without being sanctioned by authority or precedent. Especially when it is manifest that throughout all Italy, Gaul, Spain, Africa, and Sicily, and the interjacent islands, no one founded churches save those who were constituted priests by the Venerable Apostle Peter or his successors. Either let them read if in their provinces any other Apostle is found or read to have taught, or if they do not read (of such), for they will nowhere find record of them, they must follow what the Roman Church holds to, that Church from which it is not doubtful that they have derived their origin; lest whilst they pay attention to foreign assertion, they seem to disregard the (true) source of the ordinances.

We have no desire to claim it as certain that St. Innocent had specially in mind that part of the Roman and non-Roman uses which contains the Ordinal, when he wrote these words (although the word "consecrations" in his letter points that way), but it seems reasonable to infer that the rigid adherence to tradition on the Roman side, though not perhaps the tendency to give preference to the predilections of personal taste on the other, did extend to this highly important department of liturgical observance. And if so, have we not in this Pope's words strong indications that the prayer, *Deus honorum omnium*, existed either just as we have it now, or at all events in substance the same, at a date so early that to St. Innocent it seemed immemorial. Indeed, this is to claim the least. It is generally held that in the earliest Christian centuries, forms of prayer had not yet become cast in fixed moulds. But on the other hand, the spirit of the Roman Church was always intensely conservative, and a form of consecration is of primary importance. Is it then unreasonable to take St. Innocent's firm belief as so far justified, and to regard the *Deus honorum omnium* as in its substance—a substance which we can no longer separate from the accretions—of Petrine origin. At all events, if this

hypothesis cannot be taken for a certain fact, it cannot be excluded from the number of possibilities.

To return then to Cranmer and his Ordinal. How great was the responsibility which he took upon himself—particularly if he were what Anglicans strangely take him to have been, a sacerdotalist—when he set aside this venerable and perhaps apostolic form and substituted for it a form which does not appear to have had any liturgical existence till somewhere about the thirteenth century, and had it then only as a form supplementary to the more ancient form which was still retained. Contrast this remarkable temerity of Archbishop Cranmer's with the prudent procedure of the Roman Church. The latter looked favourably on the tendency towards liturgical development, which set in during the middle ages, and allowed her Ordinal to be enriched with many new and striking ceremonies and prayers. But she has all along been careful to allow additions only, not alterations of what had been handed down. Morinus writes :

We deem it necessary for the reader to know that the modern Roman Pontifical contains all which was in the earlier Pontificals ; but that the earlier Pontificals do not contain all which is in the modern Roman Pontifical. For some things have been added to the recent Pontificals for various pious and religious reasons which are wanting in all the ancient editions. And the more recent Pontificals are, the more these (additions) obtrude themselves. . . . But this is a wonderful and impressive fact, that in all the volumes, ancient, more modern, and contemporary, there is ever one form of ordination both as regards words and regards ceremony, and the later books omit nothing which was present in the other. Thus the modern form of ordination differs neither in word nor in ceremony from that used by ancient Fathers.¹

A wonderful and impressive fact, indeed, and one which, by the force of contrast, sets forth in the most wonderful and impressive light the conduct of Archbishop Cranmer. The Church has then taken an absolutely safe course in regard to the use of her own Ordinal. But there are times when she has to decide on the attitude she will observe towards Orders either given by other rites, or by her own, but with an imperfect observance of its prescriptions, and here, again, she has been ever careful to observe a procedure which is absolutely safe.

¹ *De Sacris Ordinationibus*, part iii. p. 10.

The limits of the present article do not permit of more than a cursory reference to the different theological opinions which have been speculatively propounded as to the essential elements of the Sacrament of Orders. Some have thought that our Lord Himself determined them, and that in consequence we must hold them to consist in imposition of hands, accompanied by any form of words which determinately expresses the purpose of the sacrament. But even if this opinion were to prevail, there would still often be room for doubt whether some particular form of words reached the recognized standard. Others hold that our Lord confided to the Church the office of prescribing what the form should be, or even what both the form and matter should be. This opinion is the less common, but it counts some strong names on its side, and how forcibly it can be advocated may be learnt from a perusal of De Lugo's section,¹ or of Ballerini's, in his *Opus Theologicum Morale*.² If this view should prevail, there is the further uncertainty what the Church has meant to take as essential and what as merely supplementary.

There is also another possibility which clearly needs to be taken into account. If there is a difficulty in supposing that to the Church was left the power of determining the form of words which should accompany the sacramental ceremony, is there not a still greater difficulty in imagining that the determination of a point so delicate could have been intentionally left by our Lord to the arbitrament of any person whatever? May it not rather be that our Lord confided the responsible task to His Apostles and to them alone? In that case we should have to regard the Eucharistic Prayers of the ancient liturgies as these prayers, or perhaps rather as the expansions of these prayers of apostolic origin; either of two or three types each sanctioned by apostolic authority, or, as the similarity of type and contents between the different rites suggests, more probably of one only. In regard to the Roman usage we have seen what grounds there are in support of such a supposition. This suggestion may be set down as only a theory, but at least it indicates a possibility which needs to be taken into account, which can appeal for confirmation to the tenacity with which the Church has adhered to those prayers, and which, if it should be the truth, would make it suicidal to set them aside.

With these speculative theories before us we can under-stand

¹ *De Sacramentis*, disp. ii. sect. 5.

Vol. v. pp. 713—725.

the course taken by the Church in dealing with the cases of doubt above referred to. The Holy See has under such circumstances allowed itself to be so far guided by these theological speculations as to insist on conditional reordination whenever they cast a reasonable doubt on the validity of putative Orders brought under her notice, and on an absolute reordination where they offer reasons against validity amounting to moral certainty. When, on the other hand, it has had to deal with ordinals sanctioned like its own by a tradition going back to the earliest times and within the limits of the Catholic Church, it has recognized the Orders thence derived without hesitation.

To this last category belong the Orders derived from the Oriental Ordinals; for though the Churches which have preserved them to us have been long in schism, the Ordinals themselves carry us back to times long anterior to the schism and bordering at least on the Apostolic age. The Roman Church argues that as it was through these Ordinals that the Eastern Church in the days of its communion with the West imparted sacred Orders to her children which were universally recognized, their sufficiency is beyond doubt. To the former category belong a variety of cases which are continually happening. Such a one Benedict XIV.¹ mentions; that, namely, of a candidate for the priesthood, who at his ordination had received imposition of hands, but had forgotten to come up for the tradition of the instruments, and who was directed to undergo the entire ceremony over again *sub conditigne*. A similar case in quite recent days is mentioned by Canon Estcourt. Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris, was taken ill in the midst of an ordination, having to stop when some of the candidates had not yet had the chalice and paten presented to them. The answer was as before, that such candidates must go through the entire ceremony, imposition of hands and all, over again, but *sub conditione*. These decisions were motived by the desire to take into account the possible truth of the opinion that it is left to the Church to determine by what words and ceremonies she will signify the sacramental effect, and that she may have meant in the West to include tradition of the instruments.

The Abyssinian decision so much brought into notice by Canon Estcourt,² may be quoted against what we have been saying as an instance in which the Roman Church has not hesitated to follow in practice an extreme form of the opinion

¹ *De Synodo*, lib. viii. c. 10.

² *Ibid.* p. 190.

given above as more common, and has accepted Orders conveyed by imposition of hands with these only words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," merely because they sufficiently express the sacramental effect, although they are not taken from any ancient Ordinal, and were selected by a schismatic prelate. But Canon Estcourt is now known to have misunderstood this so-called answer of the Holy Office.¹ Gasparri, one of M. Duchesne's colleagues, prints the reply (April 30, 1175) of Cardinal Patrizi, in the name of the Congregation of the Inquisition, to a request from Cardinal Manning for information as to the meaning of the previous document. It was what might have been expected.

It would have been contrary to all its methods and quite unlike Rome to give such an answer as Canon Estcourt supposed. All it meant was that wherever the ancient Abyssinian rite, derived from Alexandria, had been fully observed the Orders received were to be deemed valid. The crucial portion of this Ordinal is given by Canon Estcourt in a letter from Mgr. Bel, the Catholic Vicar Apostolic of Abyssinia. It is in harmony with the Oriental rites and contains an otherwise known form of the Eucharistic Preface. The words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," are not in it, but may have been added in practice in order to define by contactual imposition the persons to whom the non-contactual imposition accompanying the ancient Eucharistic Preface was intended to refer. If more than a thousand were ordained at the same time, some such ceremony would have been almost indispensable. There is thus in this Abyssinian decision no ground for thinking that the Roman Church has ever departed from her safe policy of always requiring re-ordination at least *sub conditione* whenever any doubt attaches to Orders colourably received.

We are now in a position to estimate the attitude towards Anglican Orders which the Roman Church might be expected to take up. Anglican writers seem to expect that if any colourable opinion in favour of their Orders is propounded, the Roman Church ought to recognize them. But the Roman Church, as we have seen, proceeds consistently on an exactly opposite principle. Whenever an instance of doubtful Orders is brought under her notice, she refuses them practical recognition until there is no opinion of colourable probability against them. And if this has been her consistent procedure elsewhere,

¹ *De Sacra Ordinatione*, ii. p. 245.

it is that which she must follow in dealing with Orders conveyed by the Anglican ritual. We trust to have made clear the nature of the responsibility which Cranmer took upon himself, when he divested the venerable Eucharistic Prayer of every sacerdotal expression, dislodged it from its immemorial and probably apostolic place as the accompaniment of the imposition of hands, and then substituted for it a form of his own devising, taken manifestly not from tradition at all, but from Scripture. He did that for which there was absolutely no precedent among bodies which even Anglicans would call Catholic, and which is simply unintelligible in one who really believed in the transmission of a Divine sacramental gift. He did that, on the other hand, which was quite intelligible in one who did not care about continuity with the past, but was only anxious to devise what he deemed a reverent and Scriptural form for the appointment of Church officers.

Evidently the Roman Church cannot but regard with the gravest distrust a ritual characterized by so unprecedented and temerarious a departure from the consistent types set by so many previous centuries of Catholic observance. What else can she then do save exact of those who, having Anglican Orders, desire to enter her ministry, that they should be reordained according to her own rite *sub conditione*? We say *sub conditione*; for perhaps if there were no further defect in the Anglican Ordinal than that discussed in this article, the absolute possibility of its being sufficient could not be denied. There are, however, further deficiencies to be considered, and these we shall deal with in another article.

S. F. S.

The Pagan à Kempis.

III.

IT is often hard to know what truth there is in the anecdotes told about famous men, but when a story is wanted to serve only as an illustration of some otherwise established point, its historical value may be a matter of no importance. With this understanding we make use of a little narrative concerning Napoleon I. It is reported that when he was setting out on a campaign his nephew, Louis, cried at the thought that his uncle might be captured, whereupon the soldier gave the child to his mother, saying, "There, embrace your boy and tell him *not to afflict himself about the possible.*" The philosophy contained in this reply seems to be not a little in vogue at the present day; and, as an instance of it, we had heard Professor Huxley lately declare that it would be foolish in him to let his thoughts dwell upon the possibility of an old age of imbecility being in store for him. In moderation, though certainly not as a universal principle, the maxim is commendable enough: one who indulged in dread of all possible misfortunes for the future, would lead a life of perpetual agony, and there are several persons who in fact do distress themselves too much with fear of mere *may-be's*. On the other hand, the style of philosophy of which we are speaking may be extended so as to reach the merest fiction of a consolatory principle; as, for example, if a man were to argue: I need trouble myself about no pain, for either the event is past, and so is over and done with; or it is present, and the present is a moment without appreciable duration or with no duration at all; or else it is future, and then it is a possibility with which I do not deal. However, an extravagance of this kind is less of a danger than is a more limited misapplication of Napoleon's advice, not to trouble about possibilities. The incredulous readily take up the notion that a future life is a mere possibility, not a certainty, and consequently—a consequence which we should not admit—need not enter into

present calculations. That M. Aurelius did not wholly fall into such a mistake we have already proved ; but we have had also to acknowledge that he made far too little of the state of existence beyond the tomb. Where he contrasts most strongly with the modern secularist is in his recognition of a superhuman, Divine element in the world's affairs. He is not entirely mundane in his estimate of values, nor does he ever definitely put the question, What is the worth of life on earth, apart from any further consideration ?

Now by the men of to-day this last inquiry is distinctly made ; and in their answers much depends on what it is that they severally expect from their sublunary existence. With some it is the tranquil or comfortable, with others it is the exciting or interesting. A negro, sent on a message, will squat contentedly for hours on the door-step waiting a reply ; there is nothing to disturb him, and he is happy. Similarly he will vacantly sit out long sermons without restlessness. On the other side, certain British globe-trotters will by choice go through heat, cold, hunger, privation of every kind, and sickness upon sickness, if only they may satisfy their activities in quest of sights and adventures. "I was a great traveller," is what such a one wishes to say at the end of his days ; that is his *Vixi*, and having been always absorbed in outward exercises he has felt little craving of the inward spirit. Again, of those whose ideal is pleasure, some want predominantly pleasures of sense, others of intellect. Perhaps Renan, who, however, hoped for some kind of a future life, was of the last class so far as his sentiments went when he said that without knowing exactly whom he had to thank for it, he was thankful for the enjoyment which he had found in life, and which was such that it left no arrears of happiness to be claimed by him under the title of compensation. He might almost have appropriated the words of the last speech uttered by Landor's old philosopher :

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to nature, art :
I warmed both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

In diverse ways, therefore, of which the above are but a few specimens, have modern men of the world tried to find contentment with their life on earth, in spite of all that pessimists have to urge for the opposite aspect. Where Marcus Aurelius, while saying little of the state after death except that it was under a

just. Providence, differed radically from our secularists, was in the addition which he made to his assertion of a sort of autonomy in the individual reason; each human soul, according to him, was derived from the Divinity and could live a contented life upon earth only by putting itself in perfect subjection to its origin. Life on earth must not be rebelliously sensual nor yet rebelliously intellectual, nor again rebelliously individual: it must be strictly rational, and reason points to dependence upon a God and upon gods, upon whom are to be founded faith, hope, and charity, at least of a kind. So he was a spiritualist, sufficiently anyhow to satisfy those inadequate tests which some writers, starting from the Socratic "Know thyself," express in the formulas, "Look within," "Be independent of outer circumstances," "The Kingdom of God is within you," "The secret of life is spirituality."¹ But with the most favourable interpretation that we can give, we are forced to allow that the theological virtues of M. Aurelius do not come near to the standard required by the *Imitation of Christ*.

Whereupon it might be suggested that at any rate the cardinal virtues will be found more adequately set forth: but straightway we advert to the dependence of the cardinal on the theological, and our hopes of coming across a satisfactory presentment are killed in the very roots. Nevertheless, a short account of the Emperor's references to the cardinal virtues will form a suitable completion of the subject with which we have been trying to deal in two foregoing papers. Not that we can afford to consider these virtues under any strict definitions; we must take them rather in the vague, with enough determination about them to make them recognizable topics of discussion. And concerning them in general we have to note at the outset that the Emperor regards them from no mere utilitarian point of view, but connects them with his belief in God, and in the free power of man to carry out the Divine order which has been prescribed for human actions, and should be the highest aim of human lives. "If in the whole compass of human life," he says, "you find anything preferable to justice and truth, to temperance and fortitude, to a mind satisfied with its own rational conduct and entirely resigned to fate—if you know anything better than this, turn to it with your whole soul and enjoy it, accounting it the best. But if there is nothing more valuable than the divinity implanted within you (*δαίμων*),

¹ Hence sins of thought are clearly recognized by the Emperor as wrong. (iii. 4.)

and this is master of its appetites, examines all its impressions, and has detached itself from all the senses, and shows itself submissive to the government of the gods, and helpful and benevolent to mankind—if all other things are trifles compared with this, give way to nothing else.”¹ “If you reflect upon those qualities which are intrinsically valuable, such as prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude, you will not find it possible” to accept the vulgar estimate of things worth pursuing.² Therefore, “Guide your life to a safe course of action, and if every action go, as far as possible, its due length, rest contented. Now no mortal can hinder you from putting your affairs in this condition. But may not some obstruction from without interpose? No: not so far as to prevent you from acting like a man of probity, moderation, and prudence. But, perhaps, my activity may be checked some other way. It is no matter for that.”³ As usual, this power of man always to guide himself as he ought is the subject of reiterated assertion in the case of the cardinal virtues as in that of the others: “It is always in your power to be resigned to the gods, to be just to mankind, and to examine every impression with such care that nothing enter which is not well examined.”⁴ Thus to attain what is good for him and avoid what is evil when good and evil are taken in their relation to the Divine standard, is put within the reach of all reasonable beings; for “there is nothing properly good for a man but what promotes the virtues of justice, temperance, fortitude, and independence, nor anything bad for him but what carries him off to the opposite vices.”⁵ “How can that properly be called a misfortune to a man which does not frustrate his nature, that is, hinder him from being just, magnanimous, temperate, modest, judicious, truthful, reverent, and unservile.”⁶ So much for the general position of the cardinal virtues: now for each in particular:

(1) Under *prudence* we may include any right estimate of truth with a view to conduct and to the regulation of itself by itself which should go on in “that governing part of the mind which has the power of assuming what inner attitude it likes, and giving what appearance it pleases to outer things.”⁷ “As a just and prudent calculator” who “even in his diversions is always upon his guard,” and who “never runs riot, but keeps his intentions honest and his convictions sure,”⁸ man must shape his destiny with wise purpose.

¹ iii. 6. ² v. 12. ³ viii. 32. ⁴ vii. 54. ⁵ viii. 1. ⁶ iv. 49. ⁷ vi. 8. ⁸ iv. 22.

To act precipitately,¹ with the rashness of ignorance, is to forego the advantage of having a reasonable nature. "Do not suffer a sudden impression to overbear your judgment."² "The soul does violence to itself when it does not know what it would be at, but hurries on without thought or design, whereas even the least undertaking ought to be directed to some end."³ "It is shameful to let ignorance and vanity do more with us than prudence and principle."⁴ Therefore take an exact account of whatever you have to deal with: "Make for yourself a particular description and definition of every object that presents itself to your mind, that you may thoroughly contemplate it in its own nature, in its nakedness, wholly and apart. And in your own mind call it and its components by their proper names; for nothing is so likely to raise the mind to a pitch of greatness as the power, truly and methodically, to examine all things that happen in this life, and so to penetrate into their natures as to apprehend at once what sort of purpose each thing serves, and what sort of universe makes use of it, what value it bears to the whole and what to man."⁵ When we consider all the miseries that follow on want of judgment, on headlong, imaginative, passionate, extravagant assumption, the recommendation to bring all things first to the light of clear intelligence appears evidently the plan of the wise man as opposed to the foolish, the latter of whom has often but one way out of the disgrace in which he has become involved, namely, to take to himself at last so much as he can of the counsel: "Do but return to the principles of wisdom, and those who now regard you as a monkey or a wild beast, will make a god of you in a week's time."⁶ "It was the way of Antoninus to dismiss nothing till he had looked through it and viewed it on all sides; to bear unreasonable remonstrances without making a rejoinder; never to be in a hurry; to be backward in giving encouragement to informers," a great thing in an age when the *delatores* plied a regular trade with their particular industry, instead of making revelations conscientiously and only according to the exigencies of the common weal.⁷ The mention above of bearing placidly complaints which are unjustified, is a great part of the prudence requisite in a ruler, and to it the author recurs: "I learned from Catulus not to slight a friend for making a remonstrance, though

¹ "From Rusticus I learned to read an author carefully: not to take up a superficial view or to assent quickly to idle talkers." (i. 7.)

² v. 36.

³ ii. 16.

⁴ v. 18.

⁵ iii. 11.

⁶ iv. 16.

⁷ vi. 30.

it should be unreasonable, but rather to endeavour to restore him to his natural humour."¹ A still further lesson in prudence was learned from another teacher: "Sextus bade me make nature and reason my guide to live by. He instructed me to appear with an unaffected gravity, to study the temper and the circumstances of my friends in order to oblige them; never to show the least sign of anger or any other disturbing thought; to be perfectly calm and indifferent, yet tender-hearted."² One who bore with equanimity unmerited reproof, was all the more likely to stand a fair representation made against himself: "If any man can convince me of my error, I shall be very glad to change my opinion."³ There remains another thing worth mentioning in the present context, and it is the reception not now of rebuffs, but of services, in which matter faults are not beyond the range of possibility, especially where there are designing men who first seek to win, in order that afterwards they may wound. "Apollonius taught me to give my mind its due freedom, and he let me into the true secret of receiving an obligation without either lessening myself or seeming ungrateful to my friend."⁴

Examples such as the above do not indeed furnish a scientific treatise on the first of the cardinal virtues, but they do show a mind on the alert to make the best of the means at its disposal, collecting and applying such prudential maxims as it can discover. Both Marcus Aurelius and the modern utilitarian would agree that moral wisdom consists in knowledge of and conformity to nature; but the former would differ from the latter in not adhering to the purely naturalistic interpretation. It is urged against the middle ages that conquest of nature, except through miracle, was an idea of which they lacked the conception, whereas we nowadays have started on the course of scientific conquest which is achieved by an intelligent obedience, acting at the same time as a means of command in matters moral as well as physical. Whatever of real progress has been made, we have no wish to deny, so long as we are understood to uphold that mediævalist and Marcus Aurelius, in varying degree, had the one great superiority over secularism, that with them prudence, as a cardinal virtue, was more than mere worldly calculation of loss and gain.

(2) *Justice* by Marcus Aurelius is sometimes understood, as

¹ i. 13.

² i. 9.

³ vi. 21.

⁴ i. 8.

it is also by Plato, in the sense that the universe being a whole, and every person having some particular function which he is fitted by nature and education to discharge better than he can discharge any other, a man is just if he makes this, τὸ τὰ αὐτοῦ πράττειν, his contribution to the general good, for so, and only so, does he fulfil the duties which nature has marked out for him by his very constitution. "In all arts things less in value are contrived for the sake of the greater. This, therefore, is the method of nature, and upon this ground justice is founded. The other virtues are but acts of justice differently applied."¹ "All those who are dissatisfied, angry, and uneasy, desire that something past, present, or future, should not be that which was appointed by the ruler of all, whereas this appointment is justice itself, assigning to every one his due."² "Take notice that all events turn out justly," inasmuch as no free agent suffers real harm except by his own fault, "and that if you observe nicely, you will not only perceive a connexion between causes and effects, but a sovereign distribution of justice, which presides in the administration, and gives everything its due. Keep, then, the course you have begun, and let all your actions answer the character of a good man—I mean a good man strictly, according to the idea of philosophy."³ The just man "has but two points to secure, to be honest in what he now does, and contented with what he now receives."⁴ "Always keep to what is just, for after all that is the best thing you can have."⁵ From the nature of justice we may gather the character of its opposite, how it is "nothing less than high treason against Heaven,"⁶ and may be a sin "as well of omission as of commission."⁷ Being founded on the nature of things, justice is most intimately tied up with truth; so that of its "obligations you will acquit yourself here, provided you speak the truth boldly and above-board, and make law and the worth of things the rule whereby you act."⁸ "He that tells a lie knowingly is an irreligious wretch, for by deceiving his neighbour he is unjust to him." Then follows a sentence reminding us of Mill's paradox that he who sins for want of knowledge is worse than he who sins against light, inasmuch as there appears less hope of correcting a man who does not even see that he is wrong, for lack of that moral perceptiveness which is the preliminary of right conduct. The quotation continues: "He that is guilty of an untruth out of ignorance is liable to the same charge,

¹ xi. 10. ² x. 25. ³ iv. 10. ⁴ x. 11. ⁵ x. 12. ⁶ ix. 1. ⁷ ix. 5. ⁸ xii. 1.

because he dissents from the nature of the whole, and opposes the nature of the universe." The paradox, however, may be got over, if we take the words that follow, showing how present ignorance of truth may be due to culpable causes in the past, in him who, "by neglecting the impulses he was born to, has lost the test of truth, and the distinction of right and wrong."¹

As in other matters, so in justice, which is founded on truth, M. Aurelius feels that a great obstacle to one who wishes to do right is want of reciprocity in his fellows, a complaint so constant in the mouth of the free-trader. Nevertheless, another man's shortcoming should not be taken as a warrant for our neglect of justice: "It is good to try to bring men rightly to understand a case; but if they are unwilling, do you be governed by the law of justice."² "If a man affronts you, do not accept his opinions, do not think as he would have you to think. No, look upon things as reality presents them."³ When, however, an old notion of right is properly made to give place to a new, "the reason for this change of your mind ought to be drawn from some consideration regarding justice and public good, and not from the fact that it pleases your fancy or promotes your reputation."⁴ And justice is likely to beget justice; for while "tyranny has for its consequences the trickery and the dissimulation which are characteristic of itself," good subjects are to be expected, in a commonwealth which gives "equal rights and equal liberty of speech, and sets in the foremost place the freedom of the people who are governed."⁵ Throughout his remarks on justice, the Emperor is constantly falling back on his Platonic theory that right knowledge, or prudence, is the cause of it, as of all other virtues; so that a compendious statement of the case is conveyed in the words, "Have you any sense in your head? Yes. Why do you not make use of it then? For if this faculty does but its part, I cannot see what more you need wish for."⁶ Thus, in a somewhat rationalistic way, to make the fulfilment of all justice a mere matter of common sense, is too simple an analysis, especially in a Providential system where nature needs the aid of grace; but it is true that virtue must always have a basis in the common power of mankind to distinguish mentally right from wrong, and to

¹ ix. i. ² vi. 50. ³ iv. 11. ⁴ iv. 12. ⁵ i. 14.

⁶ iv. 13. "The name of M. Aurelius is most noble among all that noble school of virtue which tried to serve the ancient world by force of reason. (Renan, *Origins of Christianity*, Bk. vi. Preface.) Renan adopts much from his favourite Emperor. (*Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques*, passim.)

see "that nothing be done rashly, or to no purpose, or in any other manner than justice itself would have ordered."¹

From the above sketch, it is clear that M. Aurelius takes justice in a wider sense than belongs rigorously to the cardinal virtue. Catholic writers also use sometimes the word justice as synonymous with all virtue; at other times they distinguish between duties of justice and duties of charity, meaning by the latter strict obligations and not mere offices of charity, which are commendable without being commanded. The neglect of such distinctions leads to great errors concerning the ownership and the obligations of property. For example, Mr. E. Abbott, in his very hostile criticism of Cardinal Newman, uses as one of his standards the inappropriate test: "The highest definition of justice is giving to each man that which is best for him, whether of praise or blame, reward or punishment, pleasure or pain. Unlimited benevolence would appear to be one with unlimited justice." A more systematic assertion of a proposition so likely to mislead some of its readers, is to be found in the once famous work of Godwin, *Political Justice*, where we read: "It is *just* that I should do all the good in my power." "I am *bound* to give to any applicant in distress, unless thereby I inflict an injury of superior magnitude upon myself or upon society." The rich man "has no right to distribute a shilling of his property at the suggestion of caprice; if any portion of it can be better employed, then it is *just* that it should be so employed." "It is impossible for me to confer upon any one a favour, I can only do him right." A socialist would make great capital out of this failure to distinguish between "it is just," in the sense of "justice requires," and in the sense of "it is good, commendable." The Catholic Church, in theory and in practice, has always clearly discriminated between precepts and counsels of higher perfection, between strict justice and gratuitous benevolence.

(3) *Fortitude* need not detain us very long. The author founds it, as he does other virtues, on the power of the soul over her own acts: "The mind is invincible, when she turns to herself, and relies upon her own courage; in which case there is no forcing her will, though she has nothing but unreasonable obstinacy in her defence."² "Outward objects cannot take hold of the soul, nor force their passage into her, nor set any of her wheels going. No, the impression comes from herself, and they are her own

¹ vii. 24.

² viii. 48.

motions which affect her. As for the contingencies of fortune, they are great or little according to the opinion she has of her own strength."¹ True to his custom of studying virtue in living examples, M. Aurelius found an example of fortitude in a contemporary: "I learned from Maximus to command myself, and not to be too much drawn towards myself; to be full of spirits under sickness and misfortune; to appear with modesty, obligingness, and dignity of behaviour; to turn off business smoothly as it arises, without grudging and complaint."² That human life was nothing short of a warfare, requiring soldiers and not poltroons, was a conviction deep in the mind of the philosophic Emperor, who had to write his meditations as he followed the campaigns necessary for the defence of his vast Empire. "The art of living resembles wrestling more than dancing, for in it a man does not know his movement and his measure beforehand. No, he is obliged to stand strong against chance, and to secure himself as occasion shall offer."³ If we look for instances of this bravery, we light upon one which might indeed be classed under the heading of temperance in sleep; but because early rising is regarded as something heroic, and heroic under circumstances when man is not wholly himself, when he is literally "down," as a wrestler would say, and therefore less able to show a bold front to the enemy, we will give the case as a telling illustration of fortitude. "When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, make this short speech to yourself: I am getting up now to do the business of a man; and am I out of humour at setting about that for which I was made, and for the sake of which I was sent into the world? Was I, then, designed for nothing but to doze and keep warm beneath the counterpane? Well, but it is sweet to lie thus. Granted that, but were you born only for pleasure? were you never to do anything? Is not action the end of your being? Pray look upon the plants and the birds, the ants, the spiders, and the bees, and you will see them all exerting their nature, and busy in their station. And shall not a man act like a man? Why do you not rouse your faculties, and hasten to act according to your nature? You say there is no living without rest. True, yet nature has fixed a limit to repose, as also to eating and drinking, wherein you are wont to go beyond the bounds of requirement."⁴ "When you find yourself sleepy in a morning, remember that business and service to the

¹ v. 19.² i. 15.³ vii. 61.⁴ v. i.

world mean acting up to nature and living like a man. Whereas sleep you have in common with the beasts. Now those actions which fall in with a man's special nature are more suitable and serviceable, yes, and more pleasant than others."¹ Next to the battle with sleep, we may put the conflict with sleep's twin-brother, death, in which the victory is not how to overcome the foe, but to overcome self in quietly yielding to the all-conqueror. "What a brave soul is that which is always prepared to leave the body, and is unconcerned about being extinguished, decomposed, or transplanted—prepared, I say, upon mature consideration, and not out of mere obstinacy, like the Christians, but with a solemn air of gravity and consideration, and in a way to persuade another, and without tragic sham."² It is a pity that this single mention of the Christians should be such a misconception of the fortitude of their martyrs; yet the mistake was to be expected in a great ruler who, seeking to fuse all religions that met at Rome into one common support of the Empire, found one religion which would not amalgamate, and which denounced the apotheosis of Roman power in the person of its head as idolatry. We must not be hard on the Emperor's mistake. M. Aurelius seems not to have been a persecutor of Christians out of recklessness in regard to human blood, or from private pique, or from savagery of disposition; he shunned blind rage, saying, "Rage is the mark of an unmanly disposition," and therefore no part of fortitude; "mildness and temper are not only more human, but more masculine too. One who possesses these characters shows himself more brave and firm and manly than one who is given to vexation and anger."³ For anger is weakness rather than strength.

(5) *Temperance* again is based on the self-regulation of the intelligent faculty: "Keep your mind from running adrift, from sudden surprise and transport, and do not upset yourself with

¹ viii. 12.

² xi. 3. It has been remarked that while the Christians, because they denounced the popular gods and the popular superstitions, were confounded with the Epicureans, from the Stoics they never received the sympathy for their fortitude which they might have expected. The Stoics seem to have regarded them as akin to the vain cynics who sought a tragic death in order to be talked about; and the comparison was the more likely to be made because of resemblances in dress, manners, and organization. In view of the cynics and the Christians, the difficulty was put by Celsus and Lucian, "What will become of society if criminals are no longer in dread of death?" Believers in the essential evil of a material body, such as were the Marcionites, sought martyrdom in great numbers in order to rid themselves of their corporeal disgrace.

³ xi. 18.

too much employment."¹ "Do not be imposed upon by appearances; check your impulses and moderate your desires, and keep your reason always in its own power."² "Be not unwilling, selfish, unadvised, or passionate in anything you do; neither talk nor meddle more than is necessary. Take care that the Divine element within you (ὁ ἐν σοὶ θεός) has a creditable charge to preside over."³ Looking once more to living models, he says that from his adoptive father he learnt "to have no boy favourites," a wonderful exemption when we consider the awful abuses of his age in this matter.⁴ "It is by the favour of the gods," he adds, "that I had never anything to do with Benedicta or Theodotus, and when I fell into some fits of love I was soon cured."⁵ "I thank the gods that I preserved the flower of my youth."⁶ Another testimony to his temperance in the strongest of bodily propensities. We have before mentioned his restraint in uttering and listening to hollow words of praise, and the subject recurs here: "From my adoptive father I learned how much it is the part of a prince to check the excesses of panegyric and flattery."⁷ By Divine favour, "when I had a mind to look into philosophy, I did not meet with a sophist to instruct me, nor did I spend too much time on reading history, chopping logic, or gazing into the heavens."⁸ "The greater part of what we say and do being unnecessary, if this were retrenched we should have more leisure and less disturbance."⁹ "My master taught me to endure hardship and fatigues and to narrow the requirements of nature into a small compass."¹⁰ From Antoninus he learned "to enjoy the plenty and magnificence of a sovereign fortune without bragging and yet without making excuse, so as freely to use things when present, but not to be mortified with the loss of them when absent;" to escape the charge of anything like pedantry; "not to be anxious about health, like one morbidly fond of living; not to be over-studious about bodily appearance, and yet to manage the bodily constitution with such care as seldom to stand in need of the assistance of physic."

¹ viii. 5. ² ix. 7. ³ iii. 5. ⁴ i. 16. ⁵ i. 17.

⁶ i. 17. τὸ τὴν ἡρὰν διασωσαι, καὶ τὸ μὴ πρὸς ἡρὰς ἀνδρωθῆναι.

⁷ i. 16. "Sextus let one see in himself that a man may show his good-will significantly enough without noise and display." (i. 9.)

⁸ i. 17. ⁹ iv. 24.

¹⁰ i. 5. "Diognatus prevailed upon me to prefer a couch covered with hides to a bed of state, and reconciled me to the other like rigours of Grecian discipline." (i. 6.)

In conclusion, we may ask two questions : Was the morality of M. Aurelius defective, and did he live up to his own theory ? To the first our reply is, very defective, inasmuch as he failed of being even a perfect monotheist, and still more failed of being a Christian. Therefore a Christian, reading the *Meditations*, has a great deal to supply and to correct, and he has besides to be on his guard against an application of maxims which may lead him into a proud, contemptuous, self-sufficient stoicism very far from the Gospel Kingdom-of-God. Those who are penetrated through and through with the daily reading of their à Kempis—a habit fortunately not confined to Catholics—will know how widely divergent the two spirits, even when they appear to start from the same point, eventually become. And next, as to the practical virtue of M. Aurelius, while there is no justification for charging him with sins of which history gives no evidence, so there is no justification for assigning to him a saintship which is equally undemonstrable from history. As far as we have information, his *Meditations* seem to have been written in earnest. Against the keeping of spiritual diaries some object wholly, and even moderate advisers warn diarists against the danger of writing to be read afterwards by others, and to bequeath an unduly coveted idea of themselves to posterity. There is no proof that the records left by the pagan Emperor were dishonest. At the same time we all fail to carry out our genuinely cherished ideals, and probably the Emperor often fell short of his expressed aspirations, without simply belying them on system. Anti-Christian writers have exalted him beyond measure in their desire to find an eminent saint outside the Church ; Christian writers have said more than they can justify against him because in his reign persecutions were numerous. To balance his merits and demerits exactly, is more than we will pretend to be able to do, because facts are largely wanting to us, and the human power of estimating facts according to their moral imputability is limited, even in regard to familiar acquaintances, still more in regard to one whom we can know only by a few records in writing. And thus we end with the rather poor conclusion, that personally M. Aurelius appears to have had many natural virtues, but how far he was supernaturally good we are unable to determine.

JOHN RICKABY.

Art.

A FRAGMENT BY THE LATE FATHER THOMAS HARPER.

i. The theory is distinguished from the practical or effective habit of Art, as Aristotle teaches. The former often exists without the latter; the latter cannot exist without something of the former. An ordinary house-painter is not an artist. On the other hand, many a competent critic cannot paint.

ii. The term *artist* in the present Appendix preserves its usual English meaning. It is referred exclusively to one who cultivates the liberal arts.

iii. When the theory, or counterpart of the theory, is instinctive, implicit, and unconscious (as it were) in any person, it goes by the name of *taste*.

iv. Art in theory is the science of *the beautiful*. Accordingly, to understand what Art is, it is most necessary to form to oneself a clear notion of that which is meant by the beautiful.

Quasi-Definition of the Beautiful.

v. The Angelic Doctor has described it in the concrete and according to its most restricted meaning. He says that "beautiful things are such as please when looked at." This description is of practical service, especially if sight is understood to include intellectual intuition; but it does not throw much light on the theory of Art, because it only represents the effects of the beautiful on sentient being.

vi. Plato says that the beautiful is "the sheen of Truth." Here is a real foundation on which to work. The beautiful is not Truth; but it is the splendour of Truth, an apanage, inseparable concomitant of Truth. Whenever it is not present, it is because the Truth is not wholly or unmixedly present.

vii. Perhaps, a certain modification may be permitted. Goodness is nearer than Truth to Beauty; and although all truth is good and all goodness true, yet Truth is not Goodness nor Goodness Truth.

viii. Shall it be said, then, that *the beautiful is the sheen or splendour of Being?*

ix. Unity, Truth, Goodness, are the passions or attributes of Being. Consequently, Unity is beautiful ; Truth is beautiful ; Goodness is beautiful.

x. When that which is one or true or good is not beautiful, this must be attributed to its limit or negation of being, not to anything positive.

xi. It is not given to know what the beautiful is in its relation to a pure Intelligence, or angelic nature. In itself the beautiful is immutably and eternally the same. In its ultimate source, it is the essential, intrinsic splendour or glory of God. Its effect upon super-sensual natures is at present a mystery to man.

xii. As all human knowledge is derived somehow from the senses, so is it with human Art. Man intues (perceives intuitively) the beautiful (for it is not subject to demonstration or inference) all but exclusively in objects of sense.

xiii. Consequently, Art in *practice* (which is necessarily communicative through a sort of creation) projects the beautiful before human contemplation through the medium of objects of sense.

Property of Art.

xiv. Art is essentially *symbolical*. If the beautiful (which Art aims at reproducing) is the splendour of Being, splendour is presentative or representative of Being. Accordingly, the projected brightness is symbolic of the being to which it of right belongs.

xv. In human Art the brightness is revealed in and by objects of sense. Whence it follows, that these objects of sense are symbolic of the beautiful, and that the beautiful is symbolic of being.

xvi. As the practical object of Art is to reproduce the beautiful, the greater the predominance of the symbol over the beauty symbolized, the lower, more mechanical and servile the art and its product, and *vice versa*. Hence poetry is reckoned to hold highest place among the liberal arts.

xvii. It follows as a corollary, that where there is no symbolism there is no art.

xviii. Hence the supreme necessity of distinguishing between *art* and *knack* (*ἐμπειρία*). Due mixture of colours, correct representation of muscles, accuracy of form, good perspective, faithful imitative realism, are not of themselves alone art, but knack gained by experience.

xix. So is it with *realistic proportion*. By *realistic proportion* is meant proportion according to the accepted standard, taken from the better class of instances in real actual existence. The Apollo Belvedere is out of proportion according to such standard; but it is a probably unique instance in statuary of *symbolical proportion*.

xx. *Symbolical proportion* is that proportion which satisfies the artistic idea, or rather the demands of the object determined by the idea.

xxi. Hence, strict anatomical or other structural proportion often does not satisfy the requirements of symbolic proportion; nay, occasionally close adherence to the former may prove an obstacle to the latter.

xxii. Realism, carried to an extreme, is a deadly enemy to true Art. It deifies the actual and commonplace at the expense of the ideal, to the destruction of all symbolism. If the realism of the human form had been slavishly imitated in the Apollo Belvedere, the statue would have suggested no idea of the preternatural.

xxiii. In human Art symbolism is the outward expression of ideal and supersensible beauty through the medium of objects of sense.

xxiv. These objects are chosen at will, and are produced by the artistic faculty in accordance with its own concept.

xxv. Accordingly, Art does not so much aim at producing that which actually is, but rather that which will be in the state of ultimate perfection. Wherefore, Art is said to be creative.

xxvi. Nevertheless, it does not exhibit spiritual ideals as suggestive of the material, but ideals of sense as suggestive of that which is spiritual. It is thus that fancy is distinguished from imagination: the former seeks the material in the spiritual, the latter the spiritual in the material.

xxvii. Hence, the touchstone of true Art is to be discerned in the proportion that should exist between the ideal subject chosen and the work produced. The portrait of a Dutch burgomaster in one of *Frans Hals' Corporation-paintings* would not subserve the ideal of a St. Francis of Assisi. A semicircular theatre is not particularly suggestive of the Real Presence, or a meeting-house of the Christian Revelation.

xxviii. The aforesaid proportion essentially presupposes the selection of a worthy ideal with its accompanying symbolism. This is absolutely the most essential point in Art.

Elements of the Beautiful.

xxix. There are six principal elements of the beautiful: to wit, UNITY, MULTIPLICITY, HARMONY or PROPORTION, REPOSE, SUGGESTIVENESS OF MOTION, and SUBORDINATION OF THAT WHICH IS PURELY MATERIAL TO THE SYMBOLIC IDEAL, OR ARTISTIC CONCEPT.

UNITY.

xxx. Nothing is beautiful that is not orderly, and nothing can be orderly that is not one with itself and with its surroundings. In novels of a higher order, the nature of the plot is often half revealed by the introductory scenic picture. Few would recognize any beauty in a mermaid depicted on canvas or in stone. There is no beauty in chaos or in a noise.

xxxi. The unity which forms a necessary element of the beautiful must not be confounded with uniformity. This latter is destructive of beauty. Pollards, dotting both sides of a river at geometrical intervals, for the most part are not slightly: if they ever are, it is in virtue of their surroundings. A straight line is not the curve of beauty.

xxxii. Aristotle postulates three unities in the drama: *Unity of time*, *Unity of place*, and *Unity of action*. Of these the two former were a necessity of open-air representation and the consequent fixedness of natural scenery, which was habitual to the Greek theatre. They were, moreover, the legitimate outcome of a theological fatalism.

xxxiii. Unity of action alone is essential to the beautiful in dramatic art.

xxxiv. Artistic unity must be symbolic. Its most perfect form is a unity that tends towards the infinite. Herein is to be discovered the superiority of Gothic over classical architecture and that of the Renaissance. It may be seen in the dreamy melting away of a background and of distant receding mountains in a landscape, suggestive of an unseen *beyond*. A striking and exquisite example of the same principle occurs in *Dore's picture of the Martyrs' Victory within the circus of the Coliseum*. The angels gradually melt into the purple sky of an Italian night, in such a way as to convince the spectator that he sees only an outskirts of their serried hosts.

xxxv. Ideal unity is perhaps the most necessary element of the beautiful, as of Art.

MULTIPLICITY.

xxxvi. Unity without multiplicity of constituents creates the sameness of uniformity, which tires senses, imagination, and mind by its sterile monotony. It is impossible to produce music out of one note, or construct a church with a monolith.

xxxvii. Hence, in Art multiplicity is scarcely less important and necessary than unity. In the Divine act of creation, the higher the order of plants and animals, the more complex the structural organism.

xxxviii. There are two kinds of multiplicity in Art: multiplicity of individual detail, or *fulness* of idea; and multiplicity in the disposition of the constituent parts or *variety*.

xxxix. *Fulness of idea* does not consist only, or even primarily, in complexity of physical parts, but in the plurality of individual constituents. A plant boasts of many organs and parts; but a plant on canvas is a *study*, not an *artistic conception*. It is strictly mimetic. Once there was a picture exhibited, that professed to represent the deluge. It was a large work, giving a vista of unbroken sea with a large bird hovering over it. *Peter Bell* is not Wordsworth's happiest effort.

xl. Fulness of idea, including variety in the disposition of constituent parts, must always be regulated by unity of artistic concept. When multiplication of individual constituents is allowed to run riot, the picture or drama or novel either presents confusion, or becomes pictures, dramas, novels.

xli. Inexperienced novelists crowd a number of *dramatis personæ* into their exordium or first chapter. This is inartistic. It affects us as a long gallery of portraits without a catalogue. A play within a play is an esthetic blunder.

xlii. Fulness of idea is greatly regulated by the nature and requirements of each particular art. The drama admits of greater liberty in this respect, because it represents the supremacy of justice in the gradual evolution of human activity. But if it takes the form of a novel, greater restraint is necessary; because the scenery is not seen but read, and digressions continually take the place of action. Painting exacts further restraint; because of simultaneous presence and absence of time-conditions. Sculpture is the most restrictive; because it only deals with outline, and cannot affect scenery. Mere outline is not too prolific in variety; and without scenery the difficulty is augmented. Christian architecture can afford to be liberal, because of its symbolism.

xlili. Naked multiplicity of individual details is not enough of itself to secure a work of art against monotony. Ninepins, or a mere file of ducks waddling up a bank, are no fitting objects of art. Such multiplicity is numerical, not notional.

xliv. Art postulates variety. In nature there are always individual differences. No tree, leaf, flower, is exactly like its fellow; nor is there ever perfect identity of pose. The sands of the Lybian desert would make a sorry picture without the sphynx or a pyramid or something by way of contrast and symbolism. "Take different instruments all sounding the same note. We have here the element of unity; but the sounds produced differ in beauty. What I may be allowed to call the rich chromatic colour of tone is due to the overtones superadded to the fundamental tone. It is the presence of the overtones, more or fewer, which make the difference between, say, the flute-tone and the trumpet-tone. Again: A *closed* pipe eight feet long and an *open* pipe sixteen feet long produce a tone, in which the untrained ear would perceive no difference. Indeed, the fundamental note is the same. But to the cultivated musical ear, the note of the closed pipe is dull and colourless; while the open pipe gives forth a note at once full, rich, sparkling, and beautiful."¹ To take another instance: A house is necessarily composed out of a multiplicity (*e.g.*) of bricks; but if the bricks are of unvarying size and colour, raised one on the top of the other, and arranged laterally in one order; the result will be the ugliest of walls with geometrical openings in it; no work of Art.

xlv. There is a two-fold variety in Art: to wit, variety in the material, and variety in the form or expression of the artistic concept.

xlvi. Of these variety in the form is essential; variety in the material is an excellence. The form specifies the nature of the work; the material projects the form.

xlvii. The difference between the two can be more clearly discerned by illustrations. In music variations of the air, introduction of fugues, changes of key, &c., are instances of formal variety; a more or less full orchestra, material. In architecture variety of material includes marble, stone, flint, brick, and alas! stucco; formal variety, the distinct parts and details of the building. There has been a marked tendency towards brick churches, colleges, &c., of late in certain quarters.

¹ This illustration has been borrowed from a dear friend.

To create material variety, the architect serves himself of different coloured bricks. So, people of taste generally prefer tiles to slate for roofing; particularly if the rest of the building is of a dull colour. A modern cockney house with a door in the middle between two uniform windows, with pudgy uniform windows in the floor above, with a flattened pyramidal roof and chimney-stacks at each end like big ears, is monotonous in form or outline. A photograph is almost always an unflattering likeness, because of its material sameness. Sculpture labours under the same defect; so that colour and other extrinsic aids have been often adopted of old and ever since.

xlvi. Irregularity, kept in check by unity of design, is one principal characteristic and perfection of Gothic architecture.

PROPORTION OR HARMONY.

xlix. Proportion is the due relation of the parts to the whole: It is—to put it in another way—the harmonious reduction of multiplicity to unity. Caricatures live by a disproportion which is not displeasing.

i. Perspective is one principal source of proportion in painting; mutual dependence of the figures, or harmony of members, &c., of a solitary figure, in sculpture; perspective of the various characters required by the plot, in the drama, novels, &c.; the concurrence of the various portions of a building towards the end for which it is intended, in architecture; the harmonious correlation of the known divisions of a speech in order to persuade or convince the hearers, in rhetoric.

li. A long exordium, a didactic peroration in popular oratory, a very lofty spire frowning over a low chancel and nave like a may-pole with a lotus-leaf at the foot, predominance of the comic in tragedy or of the tragic in comedy, the introduction of sketchy trees in the foreground, are instances of disproportion. Shakespeare illustrates this proportion in the advice which Hamlet gives to the players: "Let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them that will make themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." Why villainous? Because it is a huge disproportion.

lii. Proportion in the material part or separate details of the design is a subordinate proportion. The corresponding dispro-

portion may sometimes even help towards the development of the beautiful ; if it is symbolic, and not a mistake of ignorance. But it must be so minute as not to exceed the probable and offend the sense.

liii. In painting and sculpture, if the members or parts of a human figure are copied from different living models, though separately they may be of surpassing beauty, the synthesis will produce a monstrosity.

liv. In the curves of the human figure more particularly (though the same holds good of other natural forms), there should be nothing abrupt in gradient or curvature. Compare the forehead-curve of a hydrocephalous with that of a beautiful child ; or the back neck-curve of an apoplectic subject with that of "the Greek Slave."

REPOSE.

lv. Repose—that is to say, *living* repose—is opposed to unquiet and violence of whatever sort ; and unrest or violence is never beautiful. Both argue disproportion of passion. A man in a passion may sometimes perhaps excite fear ; more often, a sense of the ludicrous ; but his likeness should never appear save as an illustration to Lavater. Songs mimetic of disordered passions are pitiful as works of art. In acting, never "tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings." The "Laocoon" is not in itself a seemly subject of Art. The piece owes its great reputation to a certain ideal repose in the figures, which tempers the horror of the scene. The gigantic statues in the nave of St. Peter's are all of them in a state of unrest. Their clothes seem drifting off in a hurricane.

lvi. In the drama, *silence* is a most beautiful form of repose. The *Prometheus* of Æschylus and *Macduff* afford two notable instances. The silence of Prometheus is the repose of fortitude ; that of Macduff is the stillness of a sudden and terrible heart-agony.

lvii. In statuary a certain repose is more necessary ; for violence whether of passion or of motion invades the gentle curves of beauty, and thus distorts the form which is the distinctive subject of sculpture.

lviii. Repose is important likewise in landscape-painting ; for nature loves calm as an earnest of its future restoration. In storm-scenes there must be a break in the clouds, or some one under shelter, or the glow of light through the window of some cottage in a nook ; so as to calm the disturbed imagination.

It would be a task to paint poor King Lear in the storm without his fool.

lix. The repose which forms an element of the beautiful should be the repose of life, not of death.

lx. In painting and sculpture any semblance of *actual* locomotion is a defect. Locomotion requires succession of time ; because it is not an act, but action with a capacity before it.

SUGGESTIVENESS OF MOTION.

lxi. Where there is no suggestiveness of motion, there is no life ; the motionless and the dead are no fitting subjects of Art, save by way of contrast. *Then* they are subsidiary. A *pietà* is a favourite subject of painting and sculpture. But the Mother of Dolours is with the Divine corpse ; and it should not be forgotten that the Life is hypostatically united to that Dead Body. Francia, in his famous picture, conveys this idea in great measure by the posture of the feet.

lxii. Since death is privation of life—that is to say, of complete being, it is stripped of the integrally beautiful. If a dead body is depicted, it must live in the past, in the future, or in both, by means of the surroundings. The poor and distressed, bewailing their loss, appeal to the past ; the presence of the priest, or of attending angels, reveals the future.

lxiii. All curves, vulgarly so called, suggest motion ; not so a straight line.

lxiv. In portrait-painting, no *vacant* faces. Better to refuse the commission, than to degrade the art. A vacant face may do for a study of flesh tints, or to adorn a barber's window ; but it is in no wise symbolic.

lxv. In the drama, as in novels, there must be no stand-stills, or dummies. The choruses in the earlier Greek plays are a mere lyrical intrusion. By stand-stills are meant figures that neither move themselves, nor contribute to the action of the main character. If they do the latter, they are admissible as foils.

Subordination of that which is purely material to the symbolic ideal.

lxvi. Within the plastic limits of nature there are all but endless varieties of shape and bulk belonging even to one and the same species ; differences in height, length, thickness, and also in position. With respect to these the artist has liberty of choice.

lxvii. The artist must be exclusively guided in his choice by the nature of the ideal which he wills to embody; it being presupposed that such ideal embodies the beautiful, and, as a consequence, the symbolic. The body of a drayman, or an athlete, would be a personal insult to the Christ; and would ill beseem the refined intellectual genius of a Dante. Faith and intellect are sworn enemies of the flesh.

lxviii. Avoid thickness and prominence of muscles; for these are symbols of the animal, not of the spiritual. Leave these things to the dissecting-room.

lxix. Abstain from unusual and artistically unbefitting postures, even though they afford opportunity for quite marvellous fore-shortenings.

lxx. All these are ugly toys; products of the pencil and of a certain knack, not of the imagination. They are enemies to poetic symmetry. Some connoisseurs will exclaim: "What anatomical exactness! how true to life those flesh-tints! how admirable the perspective of that leg!" Art complains: "What an unworthy representation of a dying hero!"

lxxi. A bull-dog, or hippopotamus, is a useful illustration in a book on zoology, but neither would find a fitting place in one of Claude's landscapes. The same could not be said of an Italian greyhound or a gazelle.

TRANSCENDENTAL BEAUTY.

lxxii. Since all Being *as such* is one, true, good; so all Being, as such, is beautiful.

lxxiii. All finite being is derived from Infinite Being, as its Source and Perfection. In like manner, all finite unity, truth, and goodness are derived from Infinite Unity, Truth, and Goodness. Accordingly all finite beauty is derived from Infinite Beauty.

lxxiv. All these are one in God—are God: Being, Unity, Truth, Goodness, Beauty.

lxxv. The Divine Beauty is not identical with created beauty, either separately or in sum; although It precontains all finite beauty in superabundance and infinite Perfection.

lxxvi. The natural symbolism of finite beauty is the image of God stamped upon the creature at its birth.

lxxvii. The symbolism of visible or sensible beauty, which is the object of the fine arts, holds the relation of a genus to a transcendental. Hence, the truth of the derivation.

lxxviii. The symbolism of sensible beauty is related to finite beauty, as a species to its genus. Hence, it traces its origin to the same Cause.

lxxix. The Divine Beauty is the splendour of God ; so finite beauty is a reflex of this splendour : for the whole creation is made in the likeness of its Creator.

lxxx. Accordingly, in the Divine Being are to be found the Prototypal Elements of the Beautiful, after a super-excelling manner, incomprehensible to us and to any other creature.

lxxxi. The Unity of God is the all-perfect Exemplar of all unity, in spiritual or bodily finite being.

lxxxii. The Trinity of Persons in the One God is the Supreme Model of the manifoldness of all generic, specific, and individual unity in finite being. As man was in an especial manner created after the image and likeness of God above the rest of the visible creation, the multiplication of persons in man is the least remote from the Fecundity of God, if you except the Holy Angels. Seeing that genera and species are concepts founded in reality of similitudes, the real foundation of them in its fulness is similarity and dissimilarity : similarity, which makes them to be one in a higher order of abstraction and generalization ; dissimilarity, which causes them to differ from every other cognate whole in the same degree of generalization. This two-fold foundation finds its infinite counterpart (if the term in such connection may be pardoned) within the Being of God. As the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are not only similar but identical in Essence ; They are Each and All Three One God. But, as the Divine Persons are constituted by distinct Relations ; the Father is really distinct from the Son, and the Holy Ghost is really distinct from the Father and the Son. Truth, too, is generated from Unity ; Goodness proceeds from Unity and Truth ; and Beauty is the splendour of the Three in One. In animals and plants which have no personality, that which philosophers call the *supposit* corresponds, only in a lower order, and that which in spiritual being is denominated *person*. Supposit and person cause the creature to be absolutely one in itself, and in its *actual* nature to be non-dependent on any other being for its complete essence.

lxxxiii. Harmony or Proportion finds its infinite Prototype in God ;—not indeed proportion of parts (which connotes composition and consequent defect), but the Ineffable Harmony or

Proportion of Order. The Father is Unoriginate and, therefore, First. He the Conceiver conceives and speaks, within the depths of His Divine Nature, the Word. Therefore, the Son is next to the Father in order, yet in incomprehensible harmony with the Father, because the Word is the express image of the Omniscient who speaks it. Charity, or Love, presupposes Cognition. Therefore, in order the Holy Ghost is after the Word. Further: Love necessarily presupposes two persons. Therefore, the Holy Ghost presupposes in the Divine order the Father and the Son. Herein is a singular harmony. For the Father loves His Son, the Son loves His Father with the same substantial Love; and this Love is the Holy Ghost, proceeding everlastingly from the Father and the Son, the complement of the Ever-Blessed Trinity.

lxxxiv. Our God is in infinite and everlasting Repose; because of His Immutability. He moves; yet motionless. He speaks; yet ever silent. He freely wills and acts; but these are His Being. He does all things by His Omnipotent Will; yet it is the terms or subjects of His Will that change, not His Divine Will. All change is in time, because it is successive; but His Life, which is Himself, is one unchanging, unsuccessive, simplest *Now*. He knows time, but time knows not Him. He cannot remember or foresee; because He ever *sees*. When remembrance or foreknowledge are predicated of Him, it is a species of metonymy derived from the relation of His creature to Him who simply sees in His own Essence past, present, and future. The Fathers are wont to embody this Truth of His Undisturbable Repose under the figure of a Boundless, Unruffled Ocean of Being. As the creature gets nearer to its God, so does it acquire more repose; and, in the future regeneration of the universe, there are solid reasons for concluding that all cosmic and other unwilled motion will cease, and that the creature will rejoice for ever in the unbroken calm of its own immutability.

lxxxv. From what has gone before, it is plain that in God there exists an infinitely perfect suggestiveness of motion; because all spiritual motion is act, and He is pure Act.

lxxxvi. God is purely a Spirit. Hence, matter is furthest from God; and lowest, least, and least intelligible of all entities. The greater the predominance of matter in a being, the less this has of splendour and beauty. The beauty of flesh is its symbolism of spirit.

*An Unknown Poem of Father Southwell
the Martyr.*

THE authorities of the British Museum have lately acquired, and are now exhibiting in the King's Library, a score or so of rare booklets mostly in verse, which are of considerable interest to students of Elizabethan literature. More than twenty-five years ago an examination of the library of Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, resulted in the unexpected discovery of a number of volumes ranging in date from 1585 to 1615, many of which were of great rarity and others absolutely unique. Foremost in importance was a previously unsuspected edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, printed by W. Leake in 1599. There was also his *Passionate Pilgrim* of the same date, of which only one copy had up to that time been known to bibliographers, and with these were quite a host of thin quartos and octavos, the production of such minor luminaries as Marlowe, Green, and Nicholas Breton. This rich treasure-trove having lately come into the market, Dr. Garnett and his colleagues have exerted themselves to secure at least a share of the spoils for the Museum. The comparatively slender resources at their disposal have not enabled them to compete with private collectors for the great Shakespearian rarities, but our National Library is very decidedly the richer for the twenty-six volumes upon which its funds have been judiciously expended. Indeed, almost every one will commend the wisdom of the authorities in purchasing a useful collection of minor but intrinsically important specimens of literature, in preference to one or two great curiosities, the interest of which lies entirely in their rarity.

Amongst the most remarkable of these new acquisitions is a brochure in a rough paper cover, consisting of the first sheets of a very rare poem of the Jesuit Martyr, Father Robert Southwell. The book indeed, though mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, is so rare, that the work was practically unknown and this fragment was at first supposed to be

unique.¹ It is included in none of the early collected editions of the poet's writings, none of his biographers speak of it, and his latest editor, Mr. A. B. Grosart, does not seem to have had any suspicion of its existence. An apparently perfect copy, however, according to Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, was disposed of at Sotheby's,² in July, 1881, and we may hope that it will be possible to trace it and to publish the poem entire. In the meantime it may be worth while to give an account of the portion now preserved at the Museum, for nothing of Father Southwell's can fail to interest. Moreover, it may afford an opportunity of calling attention in a future article to certain aspects of Catholic literature in the days of Elizabeth which I fancy will be new to most of my readers.

The recently recovered fragment is technically a "quarto," though a sixteenth century quarto is very much smaller than what passes under the name in our own day. It consists of six leaves, of which the title-page and dedicatory epistle occupy the first two. The title-page stands thus:

A
FOVRE-FOVLD
Meditation
Of the foure last things:

viz.
1 } of the { Houre of Death.
2 } { Day of Iudgement.
3 } { Paines of Hell.
4 } { Ioyes of Heaven.

Shewing the estate of the Elect and Reprobate.

Composed in a Divine Poeme
By R. S.

The author of S. Peter's complaint.
[Rough floral ornament]

Imprinted at London by G. Eld. for Francis Burton.
1606.

¹ Arber's transcript of the Stationers' Registers, under date 21 May, 1606, contains the following entry: "Francis Burton entred for his copy under the handes of Master Gabriel Powell and the wardens a booke called *A ffourefold meditacon upon the houre of death, the day of Iudgement, the paynes of Hell and the joyes of Heaven*, &c., by R. S., the author of *Saint Peter's Complaint*."

² Hazlitt, *Bibliographical Collections*, Second Series, p. 570. Mr. Hazlitt's collation of the volume makes it clear that it contained at least twenty-four leaves or forty-eight pages. There are three stanzas on a page, so that the poem must have consisted of some hundred and thirty such stanzas, or nearly seven hundred lines. It would thus be of very much the same length as *St. Peter's Complaint*. The book was sold on July 1st, 1881, forming part it appears of lot 132. The writer of this article would be grateful for any information which may enable him to discover its whereabouts.

That the poem is really Father Southwell's can hardly admit of doubt. Not only does the title-page state unequivocally that it is written by R. S., the author of *St. Peter's Complaint*, but it is composed in his favourite metre, and the topic, the treatment, the antithetical style, and the vocabulary are all characteristically his. None the less, the literary merit of the portion now recovered is decidedly poor. It is indeed so far below that of his more finished productions as to suggest the idea that the two London booksellers may have been tempted by the Martyr's great reputation to father upon him the rhymes of some indifferent poetaster. But the dedicatory epistle of W. H., which I may quote entire, to some extent explains the difficulty.

To the Right Worshipfull and
Vertuous Gentleman, Mathew
Saunders, Esquire,

- W. H. wisheth, with long life, a prosperous
achievement of his good desires.

Sir, as I with great desire apprehended the least opportunity of manifesting towards your worthy selfe my sincere affection, so should I be very sory to present anything unto you, wherein I should growe offensive, or willingly breed your least molestation; but these meditations, being Divine and Religious (and upon mine owne knowledge, correspondent to your zealous inclination), emboldened me to recommend them to your view and censure, and therein to make knowne mine owne entire affection, and serviceable love towards you. Long have they lien hidden in obscuritie, and happily (*sic*) had never seene the light, had not a meere accident conyayed them to my hands. But, having seriously perused them, loath I was that any who are religiously affected, should be deprived of so great a comfort, as the due consideration thereof may bring unto them. As for my selfe, Sir, the knowledge you have of me, I hope will excuse the coldnesse and sterilitie of my conceipts, who covet to illustrate my intire affection unto your worship, by reall and approved actions, referring my selfe wholly in this, and in all other my indevours, to your favourable construction, who shall ever be of power, in the humblest services to command me.

Your worship's unfained affectionate,

W. H.¹

Father Southwell's admirers may perhaps be tempted to think that there is a Providence guiding Mr. W. H.'s ortho-

¹ I have endeavoured, but without success, to learn something of the Matthew Saunders and the W. H. here mentioned. There are two Matthew Saunders mentioned in the Oxford Registers, who might have been living at this time, but neither of them seems to have been in any way remarkable or to have been known to Anthony à Wood. W. H., again, are very common initials, and it seems quite useless, without further information, to conjecture to whom they may have belonged.

graphy, and that it would still be well if the meditation "had happily [rather than haply] never seen the light," but at any rate the letter shows that if they were made public the poet himself had had no share in it; and that they were in all probability some youthful work suppressed by his more mature taste. Of course Father Southwell had been dead ten years at the time they were printed, but the poem is not alluded to by any of his brothers in Religion, and does not seem to have been passed from hand to hand in MS. like most of his other effusions. In any case, the search which has been made in likely places for any MS. copy has led to no result. I may now print the fragment entire, exactly as we find it in the edition of 1606.

A Treatise of the houre of Death, the day of Judgement, the paines of Hell, and the joyes of Heaven.

OF THE HOURE OF DEATH.

Oh, wretched man, which lovest earthly things
And to this world, hast made thy selfe a thrall
Whose short delights, eternall sorrow brings,
Whose sweet in show, in truth is bitter gall :
 Whose pleasures fade, ere scarce they be possest.
And grieve them least, that do them most detest.

Thou art not sure, one moment for to live,
And at thy death, thou leavest all behind,
Thy lands, and goods, no succour then can give,
Thy pleasures past, are corsives to thy mind :
 Thy worldly friends, can yield thee no reliefe,
 Thy greatest joyes, will prove thy greatest griefe.

The time will come, when death will thee assault :
Conceive it then, as present for to be,
That thou in time, maist seeke to mend thy fault,
And in thy selfe, thine error plainly see :
 Imagine now, thy course is almost spent,
 And marke thy friends, how deeply they lament.

Thy wife doth howle, hir shrikes doth pearse the skies,
Thy children's teares, their sorrowes do bewray,
Thy kinsfolke waile, and weep with wofull cries,
Yet must thou die, and canst no longer stay :
 Lo here the joyes, and treasures of thy heart,
 Thy race is runne, from them thou must depart.

With paine thou livest, gasping now for breath,
 Past hope of life or hope of any good,
 Thy face presents a lively forme of death,
 Thy heart becomes all cold for want of blood :
 Thy nostrils fall, and gasping thou dost lie,
 Thy loathsome sight, thy friends begin to flie.

Thy voyce doth yeeld, a hoarse and hollow sound,
 Thy dying head, doth yeeld to deadly sleepe,
 Thy senses all, with horror do abound,
 Thy feete do dye, and death doth upward creepe :
 Thine eyes do stare, deepe shrunke into thy head,
 Thy jawes do fall, and shew thee almost dead.

What doest thou thinke, now all thy senses faile,
 What doest thou say, by pleasure here is wonne,
 How doest thou now, thy passed life bewaile,
 How doest thou wish, thy course were now to runne ?
 What wouldst thou do, thine ending life to save,
 What wouldst thou give, for that thou canst not have !

Thy body now, must from thy soule depart,
 Thy lands and goods, another must possesse,
 Thy joyes are past, on which thou sett'st thy heart,
 Thy paines to come, no creature can expresse :
 Lo now the fruite and gaine of all thy sinne,
 This life must end, and endless life beginne.

Thy former faults are set before thine eyes,
 And monstrous shew, which seem'd before so small,
 To swallow thee, Dispaire in secret lyes,
 And all thy sinnes, with terror thee appall :
 With scalding sighs, they moove thee now to mourne,
 And force thy soule, with sorrow for to burne.

Thou wailest now the pleasing of thy will,
 Thine ill got goods, do make thee to lament,
 Thy vaine delights, with anguish thee do fill,
 Thy wanton parts, thy conscience do torment :
 Thy sweetest sinnes, do bring thee bitter smart,
 Thy haynous faults, oppresse thy dying heart.

With dreadfull feare they shake thy guiltie minde
 And bent to fight, with furie thee inclose,
 In worldly wealth, no rescue canst thou finde,
 And standst enclosed, amidst thy mortall foes :

A thousand deaths, would seeme a lesser paine,
Then this estate, in which thou dost remaine.

No tongue, no pen, no creature can bewray,
How all thy sinnes, their festred rancour show,
How sobbing sighes, with sorrow thee dismay,
How blustering stormes of griefe begin to blow :
Thy joyes are gone, which were thy God before,
Thy life is done, and shall returne no more.

Now heaven to win, no paines thou wouldst refuse,
Nor spare thy goods, to ease thy woful state,
Of all thy sinnes, thy selfe thou dost accuse,
And calst for grace, which seldom's given so late :
For sinne thou didst, while life and power did last,
And leavest now when power to sinne is past.

What booteth it, thy lewdnesse to lament,
And leave off sinne, when sinne forsaketh thee,
What canst thou do, when all thy force is spent,
Or will our Lord, with this appeased be ?
Thy life thou ledst, in service of his fo,
And servest him, when life thou must forgo.

Then "had-I-wist," with sorrow thou doest say,
But after-wits repentance ever breed,
The houre is come, thy debt thou now must pay,
And yeeld to death, when life thou most doest need :
Thy breath is stopt, in twinkling of an eye,
Thy body dead, in ugly forme doth lye.

Thy carcase now, like carrion, men do shunne,
Thy friends do hast, thy buriale to procure,
Thy servants seeke, away from thee to runne,
Thy loathsome stench, no creature can endure :
And they which tooke in thee their most delight,
Do hate thee most, and most abhorre thy sight.

Thy flesh shall serve, for vermin as a pray,
For pampering which, both sea and land was sought,
Thy body must transformed be to clay,
For whose delight such costly clothes were bought :
Thy pride in dust, thy glory in the grave,
Thy flesh in earth, an ending now shall have.

Behold the place, in which thou must abide,
 Is loathsome, darke, unsweet and very straight,
 With rotten bones beset on every side,
 And crawling wormes to feed on thee do waite :
 O hard exchange, O vile and hateful place,
 Where earth and filth, thy carcase must imbrace.

O wretched state, O most unhappy man,
 Yet were it well, if nothing were behinde,
 If all might end, as here it first began,
 Some hope there were, an ending for to finde :
 For then as God of nothing did thee frame,
 By course againe, thou shouldst become the same.

OF THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

But live thou must, a thousand deaths to die,
 And dying still, yet never wholly dead,
 Thou must appeare, before the Judge on hie,
 And have reward, as thou thy life hast lead :
 The time is come, thou canst no longer stay,
 The Judge is set, and bootlesse is delay.

Behold his power, whom here thou didst offend,
 For vaine delights, which were but meere deceit,
 Behold on him how Angels do attend,
 And all that hoast, doth for thy comming waight :
 Behold his throne of glory in the skies,
 And marke how wrath, doth sparkle in his eyes.

Lo that is he, which every thing did make,
 Whom heaven and earth, do praise both night and day,
 Lo heere the looke, at which th' Angels quake,
 Lo heere the Lord, whom all things do obey :
 His will is law, and none can it withstand,
 His wrath consumes, and killeth out of hand.

O wretched soule, how may his wrath be borne,
 Or can a worme, his furie now abide ?
 Th' Angels all do laugh thy sinnes to scorne,
 They hate thy sinne, and loath thee for thy pride :
 They shine with beames farre brighter then the sunne,
 And call to God, that justice may be done.

Here the fragment abruptly ends.

It would be an injury to Father Southwell's memory to
 print these verses as they stand without further comment. Let

us see therefore how far the martyr's published works can be made to illustrate his own poem. The extracts which I may have occasion to make will serve to correct any judgment upon his poetry which might rashly be formed from the meditations printed above.

To begin with the third line of the poem, "whose short delights eternal sorrow brings," students of Elizabethan literature will of course be aware that this apparent false concord is no misprint. Whether it was a survival of the old northern plural, or whether it was part of that elastic conception of grammar as made for man not man for grammar, still observable in the speech of the uneducated, we frequently find in Shakespeare and others of his age, the singular form of the verb in agreement with a subject in the plural. The classical example is—

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

Cymbeline, Act II. Scene 3.

But an illustration of the same tendency may be quoted from Father Southwell's own most beautiful lines,¹ entitled—by his Protestant editors—

The Virgin Mary to Christ on the Cross.
What mist hath dimd that glorious face?
What seas of grief my sun *doth* tosse?
The golden raies of heavenly grace,
Lies now eclipsed on the crosse.
Jesus ! my love, my Sonne, my God,
Behold Thy Mother washt in teares ;
Thy bloudie woundes be made a rod
To chasten these my latter yeares.

The climax, "Jesu ! my love, my Son, my God !" seems to me to border upon the sublime. Indeed I would respectfully commend this passage to the readers of a recent controversy, as worthy of a high place among the many "two or three most pathetic lines," which were quoted in the course of that discussion.

Beautiful, however, as these lines are, the poem from which they are taken illustrates a defect which in the *Four-fold*

¹ Cf. the verses on *The Presentation*.

"Two selye turtle-doves for ransome payes."

Mr. Grosart in his note explains the construction otherwise, but I am inclined to think his interpretation needlessly involved.

Meditation appears in its most aggravated form. Father Southwell, in company with the great majority of those Euphuistic writers, who spend themselves upon antithesis, alliteration, quaint conceits, and tricks of metre—results which can only be achieved by much laborious “turning of the style”—is apt to lack boldness and movement. The thought expressed in one line, or in one stanza, often impedes instead of advancing the main conception of the whole. The writer forgets the message he has to convey in elaborating the expression of it, and the action of the poem, if we may use such a phrase of a thing which is only spoken and not done, is not helped forward. The result is that we get a row of jewels strung upon a thread, but lacking that coherence, that subordination of lesser to greater effects, which is necessary for the perfection of any work of art.

In the *Four-fold Meditation* it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the stanzas might be printed in reverse order, or in no order at all, without any very serious disparagement to the poem to which they belong. There is much reiteration of the common-places of human morality in verses more or less harmonious, and pointed with more or less skilful antithesis, but there is nothing to carry us forward or rouse our interest. The same defect is conspicuous in *St. Peter's Complaint*, and seems to have betrayed Professor Lowell into his summary and rather ill-natured description of it as a “drawl of thirty pages of maudlin repentance.” In *St. Peter's Complaint*, however, the want of movement is redeemed by a wealth of fancy and a brilliancy of colouring of which we see little traces in the verses before us.

I know of no more appreciative criticism of the work of Father Southwell than that of Professor Hales in a notice prefixed to the extracts in Ward's *English Poets*.

Apart [he says] from their attraction as revealing the secret of his [Father Southwell's] much enduring spirit, his poems show a true poetic power. They show a rich and fertile fancy, with an abundant store of effective expression at its service. He inclines to sententiousness, but his sentences are no mere prose edicts, as is so often the case with writers of that sort; they are bright and coloured with the light and the hues of a vivid imagination, the imagery, indeed, being singularly opulent. In this respect *St. Peter's Complaint* reminds one curiously of the almost exactly contemporary poem, Shakespeare's *Lucrece*. There is a like inexhaustibleness of illustrative resource. He delights to heap up metaphor on metaphor. Thus he describes sleep as

Death's allye, oblivion of tears,
Silence of passions, balme of angry sore,
Suspence of loves, securitie of feares,
Wrath's lenitive, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore ;
Senses' and soul's reprieval from all cumbers
Benumbing sense of ill, with quiet slumbers.

St. Peter's Complaint reminds one of *Lucrece* also in the minuteness of its narration, and in the unfailing abundance of thought and fancy with which every detail is treated. It is undoubtedly the work of a mind of no ordinary copiousness and force, often embarrassed by its own riches, and so expending them with prodigal carelessness.

Professor Hales' words would seem to imply that *Lucrece* represents the defects of an earlier manner which Shakespeare outgrew with age. Yet the very passage he quotes recalls at once the lines in *Macbeth*, a work of the poet's maturity :

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

No doubt the poet intends to convey the hysterical emotion of quivering nerves wrought almost to the overthrow of reason, yet even under such circumstances one is tempted to doubt if this stream of far-fetched imagery is natural or even conceivable.

That the lines quoted by Professor Hales are no mere purple patch upon a tissue of fustian, may be seen from the two stanzas immediately following. "Not such my sleep," says St. Peter, in words which awaken memories of Clarence in the second act of *Richard III.*

Not such my sleepe, but whisperer of dreames,
Creating strange chymeras, sayning frights ;
Of day-discourses giving fansie theames,
To make dum-shewes with worlds of anticke sights ;
Casting true griefes in fansie's forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly foretold.
This sleepe most fitly suteth sorrowe's bed,
Sorrow the smart of evil,¹ Sinne's eldest child ;
Best, when unkind² in killing who it bred ;
A racke for guiltie thoughts, a bit for wild ;
The scourge that whips, the salve that cures offence ;
Sorrow, my bed and home, while life hath sense.

¹ *Evil* is always a monosyllable in Southwell, like *Heaven* or *spirit*.

² *Unkind*=unnatural ; in killing (Sin) who bred it. Southwell, like Shakespeare, constantly omits the antecedent of the relative.

But this wealth of rich colouring which pervades *St. Peter's Complaint* from first to last, is only conspicuous by its absence in the verses before us. It is not that the subject would not lend itself to such treatment. There is surely abundant room for the imagination in the description of the death-bed or of the Judgment-seat. In stanzas five and six, there is a piling up of details to portray the miserable state of body and soul at the hour of their separation, but the whole of this laborious enumeration fails to move us. We find a more vivid presentment of death despite all the incongruous surroundings in Dame Quickly's chatter over poor dead Falstaff.¹

A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any chrisom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what man! be o' good cheer!" So a' cried out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bad me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward and all was as cold as any stone.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that both Father Southwell and Dame Quickly should give prominence to this pinching of the nostrils and mounting upwards of an icy numbness as the most characteristic features of death.

The contrast in respect of imagery, therefore, between *St. Peter's Complaint* and the *Four-fold Meditation* is striking enough, but it does not seem to me to warrant any serious doubt about the authorship of the latter. The fact is that the two must not be put into comparison, for despite their standing out alone in point of length from all the Martyr's other compositions, and despite the similarity of metre, they really have little in common. In *St. Peter's Complaint*, our author had deliberately set himself to write a poem of some pretensions, and to the labour bestowed upon it by his fastidious taste his still extant MSS. bear witness. The other work is, as it purports to be, a series of meditations, and, as I conceive it, the writer had no other object in view than to develope in verse, probably as an exercise of his student-days, certain points of meditation

¹ *Henry V.* Act II. Scene 3.

which he had read or thought out for himself. In much the same way we find attributed to him certain Latin verses, which prove to be merely a paraphrase of a series of favourite religious apothegms of his. If therefore we compare the *Four-fold Meditation*, not with his one elaborate poem, which can only be described as a sort of religious rhapsody, but rather with his occasional pieces, the sober monuments of many a deep-felt moral conviction or light in prayer—and it is here after all that we see him at his best—we shall find the points of resemblance numerous enough. The *Meditation* certainly falls a long way short of the literary merit of such poems as *Life is but Losse*, or *What Joy to Live*, but in spirit, manner, language, alike in their strong points and their weak points, they are closely related.

There are not many unusual words or phrases in this newly-recovered work. Such as there are can all be illustrated from Father Southwell's other writings. Perhaps the most likely to cause difficulty is the word *corsive*, "Thy pleasures past are corsives to thy mind." (stanza 2.) As the context in that place can hardly fail to suggest, it is a contraction for corrosive, which in Elizabethan English, was accented on the first syllable, and spelt either with two syllables or three. It is in this latter form that Father Southwell employs it in his poem, *Love's Gardyne Greife*.

Your trees are dismall plants of pyning córrosives,
Whose root is ruth,
Whose bark is bale, whose tymber stubborne phantasies,
Whose pith untruth
On which in lieu of birdes whose voice deliteth,
Of guilty conscience screeching note affriteth.

The word *corsive* also occurs in Father Southwell's prose treatise, *Mary Magdalen's Funerall Teares*, where *corsive* and *lenitive* are contradistinguished.

Another Southwellian word occurs in stanza 15: "But afterwits repentance ever breed," where *afterwit* clearly means the wisdom which comes after the event. This meets us again in the beautiful little poem beginning:

Shunne delays they breede remorse,
and the burthen of which is the danger of procrastination.

Hoysse up sale while gale doth laste,
Tyde and winde stay no man's pleasure;
Seeke not tyme when tyme is paste,
Sober speede is wisdom's leysure,
After-wittes are dearely boughte,
Let thy forewyte guide thy thoughte.

Then after telling us :

Tyme weares all his lockes before,
Take thy hould upon his forehead, &c.,

the poem goes on—

Seeke thy salve when sore is grene,
Festred woundes aske deeper lancing ;
After-cures are seldom seene,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing
Time and place give best advice
Out of season, out of price.

Festred, we may note, is a word which occurs also in our fragment, stanza 12.

Again, the phrase *by course*, meaning "in due course of time," is found at the beginning of perhaps the best known of all Father Southwell's smaller pieces, *Tymes goe by turns*.

The loppèd tree in tyme may growe againe,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and floure,
The sorriest wight may find release of paine,
The dryest soyle suck in some moystning shoure,
Times go by times, and chaunces change by course
From foul to fayre, from better happ to worse.

It would be easy, if it were worth while, to find authority in the poems for many other usages of words which may strike the reader as noteworthy in the *Four-fold Meditation*. Father Southwell is remarkable, for instance, in his frequent, and rather strained employment of the word *yield*, of *ugly*, of *gall*, &c., all which appear in our poem. Again, a more subtle characteristic of style, not so easy to test by quotations, is a certain sententiousness and antithesis which is conspicuous in all these pieces, and which we find likewise in the verses we are discussing. Of course it would be absurd to pretend to decide a question of authorship upon such grounds as these alone, but it may at least be said that the *Meditations* present no feature which is markedly out of harmony with Father Southwell's known work.

It cannot be denied that the instinct of antithesis just referred to, while it in numberless instances supplies the greatest charm of the verse, is also, in some of his more highly elaborated pieces, carried to the verge of obscurity. Father Southwell's poetry would perhaps be more popular if it did not require such a constant effort of attention. In the verses called *Joseph's Amazement*, which are to my thinking amongst the most

touching he has written, the striving after antithesis has made the writer so elliptical that one or two stanzas require to be read twice over before their point is grasped. Yet St. Joseph's agonizing perplexity and vacillation when Mary is found with child is very graphically depicted. At one time he resolves to leave her.

Sometime grief adding force he doth depart,
He will against his will keep on his pace,
But straight remorse so racks his ruing heart,
That hasting thoughts yield to a pausing space.
Then mighty reasons press him to remayne,
She whom he flies doth winne him home again.

But when his thought by sight of his abode,
Presents the signe of mysesteemed shame,
Repenting every stepp that back he trode,
Tears drown the guides, the tongue the feet doth blame.
Thus warring with himself, a field he fights
Where every wounde upon the giver lightes.

To Southwell's contemporaries I imagine his versification must have appeared singularly perfect in form, as faultless as Gray, for instance, was reputed in the last century. That he never or hardly ever takes liberties with his metre is still patent to every one, or at least to those of us *qui digitis callemus et aure*, although it is of course necessary to remember that many words like *corrosive*, *obdurate*, &c., have changed their accentuation, that others, like *evil*, *spirit*, &c., were uniformly used as monosyllables, and that there was a much larger range of words whose pronunciation was as yet indeterminate and which could be made to rhyme with different sounds without offence to the most delicate ear. What probably most prevents him and other minor Elizabethan poets from being more widely popular, is the shock caused by his constant use of words which have degenerated in meaning and which cannot now be read in serious poetry without a feeling of painful incongruity. The word *dumps*, for instance, is a particularly favourite one with Father Southwell, and there can be no doubt that at the end of the sixteenth century it did not suggest any ludicrous connotation. But whether it occurs alone, or in the adjective form *dumpish*, or in the euphonious combination *doleful dumps*, it is enough to spoil a whole page of tender and graceful poetry to the fastidious ear of a modern critic. Again, one of the most beautiful of Father Southwell's poems, *The Burning Babe*, a piece of which Ben Jonson said that he would gladly sacrifice

much of his own verse to have written it, is ruined to the taste of many modern readers by the occurrence of the word *fry* in a conspicuous position at the end of a line. Father Southwell seems to have a partiality for this word also. He writes in one place, "I hope, I fear, I fry in freezing cold;" in another fine poem describing a mountain torrent, he speaks of the "crushed (? crested) water's frothy fry." Now, strangely enough, though we can use boil or seethe, of a cataract for instance, as words not out of place in the most poetic diction, while even broil or roast or bake might under certain circumstances supply admissible metaphors, the verb fry is now an impossible word in any serious poetry. None the less, I feel I cannot better conclude this vindication of Father Southwell from the disparagement which might result from his own resuscitated rhymes, than by quoting this quaint and graceful little phantasy. I have not had space to say anything of the deep religious feeling, the savour of personal holiness which, as all his critics attest, pervade every line which our Martyr has written, but any Catholic who closely considers the verses which follow cannot fail to be struck by Father Southwell's wonderful realization, a hundred years before Blessed Margaret Mary, of all the principal features of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. I have in this case modernized the spelling.

THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
 A pretty Babe, all burning bright, did in the air appear,
 Who scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed,
 As though His floods should quench His flames, which with His tears were
 fed;

Alas! quoth He, but newly born in fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel My fire but I!
 My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
 The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals,
 The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,
 For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My Blood:
 With this He vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas Day.

H. T.

Lourdes and M. Zola.

M. ZOLA has sought to provide a new excitement for the jaded palates of his admirers, and has accordingly produced a novel with a purpose. The result has probably satisfied his expectations, for the book has run rapidly through its thousands, and so high an authority as the Paris correspondent of the *Times* pronounces the story "powerful."

The object which from first to last the writer has had in mind, is one which with a large class of readers will avail to bespeak a favourable verdict on his work. He sets himself to discredit the supernatural, as it presents itself in connection with the most famous of modern pilgrimages, and to sustain the contention that nothing ever occurs in the famous Grotto of Lourdes which is not fully accounted for by natural causes; so much so, that none can believe that miracles are wrought there, except those who approach the study of the subject with their reason deliberately or unconsciously blinded. To many English readers this will no doubt appear to be a great and even a sacred task which he has undertaken, and their sympathies will be therefore enlisted warmly on his side. It will be well, however, to remember that in no doubtful fashion he directs his attack, through this particular manifestation of the supernatural, against all. He agrees with good Protestants in deriding nineteenth century miracles, but he does not like them to stop there. For him, those of the Gospel have no more claim to respect; and more than once, by the mouth of a character who evidently reflects his own thoughts, he expresses pity for poor Lazarus, recalled from the sweet sleep of blank oblivion to the troubles and sorrows of life, only that he might have to face death a second time: the suggested argument evidently being that the purposeless character of such a miracle is its sufficient refutation.

As to the "powerful" story itself, it is constructed on lines, so far as we know, unique. Writers whose fiction is intended to serve a cause, usually deal with matters concerning which

their readers have the means of forming their own opinion—putting into the mouths of their characters trains of reasoning which are to prove the desired point, reasoning the validity of which is easily gauged; or portraying the movements of the human heart and its passions, experience of which is the common property of all. But our author has here to deal with alleged facts; all turns on the question as to whether any cures have been wrought which medical science has beforehand declared to be impossible. What does he therefore do? He brings before us a number of characters created—confessedly—by himself, and provided with various ailments, some with one, some with another. Of these ailments there are some which physicians know or suspect to be curable, wholly or partially, by intense nervous excitement; others for which no emotion of the sufferer can do anything. All the patients, in the course of the story, are roused to fever heat of fervour and expectancy. Those suffering from the right sort of maladies are cured, wholly or partially. The others are not, and a large percentage die of the exertions they have uselessly made. This is the sum and substance of the tale he has to tell. But it is very obvious that so far as information goes, we are left at the conclusion of such a history precisely where we were at its commencement. Just as the author of a detective story can easily make his hero discover the secrets which he has prepared for no other purpose than to be discovered, so the imagination which creates diseases can exercise the functions of a creator in their regard. We want to know, however, not what M. Zola thinks the course of things must be, illustrating his opinion by the fortunes of sundry puppets which he manipulates, but what is shown to be the case by duly recorded and attested facts. On this important question, as is evident, no light whatever is shed by such a process as his, though great efforts are made to induce the reader to believe otherwise.

As for the story, it is in the first place worthy of attention as an illustration of the methods of "realism." It has been supposed by many that the essence of realism is filthiness, and that where there is nothing indecent to depict the realist's occupation is gone. This is, however, clearly a mistake. He can make a shift to do with anything that is nasty. It need not necessarily be obscure, it is enough if it be disgusting. Given a theme of this nature, M. Zola is unapproachable; there is certainly no one who could so vividly describe a cesspool or

a charnel-house, and when he finds a subject suited to his peculiar genius he at once wields a power which he does not otherwise display, revelling and wallowing in sickening details, the more loathsome the better, with undisguised delight. Of this there is abundance in the tale before us. The description of the poor creatures, the *grands malades* conveyed by the "white train" to Lourdes, and of all the frightful features of their maladies—the details of the horrors amidst which they live during the day and night of their journey, making the railway carriage that bears them a veritable place of torment;—the even aggravated horrors of the hospitals wherein the multitude of sufferers are promiscuously huddled when they reach their destination;—the gruesome picture of the procession dragging itself to the Grotto, to visit which its members have come so far and endured so much—and the sickening description of the "piscina" in which they bathe,—all this M. Zola relates with an evident gusto, imparting to his pen a graphic power which altogether deserts him when he endeavours to depict a beautiful landscape or an imposing function. In one instance he has indeed supplied an interesting piece of evidence as to his method of working. He has twice to describe a procession of invalids,¹ and has apparently forgotten on the second occasion that the materials have been used before, and thus repeats all the ghastly details already once given, generally in precisely the same words, but with just sufficient variation here and there to show that he is writing from notes, in which he has set down all the points which have struck him as most revolting, and therefore most to his purpose.

In other respects, however, his claim to be "realistic" is less apparent. It is very evident that he has not taken the trouble to acquire anything more than the most superficial acquaintance with the subject he undertakes to treat. He endeavours to pose throughout as one who knows all about Catholic doctrine and practice, as well as about the history of the devotion which he discredits; but when he ventures into details he falls into elementary blunders which serve to show how utterly strange to him is the ground he essays to tread. Thus, for example, he informs us that during the great national pilgrimage, Masses go on from midnight to mid-day at the fifty altars of Lourdes; so that the number daily said amounts to two thousand. This, it

¹ Pp. 149 and 377. We quote from the thirty-third thousand of the French edition.

is needless to remark, must mean that at each altar forty Masses are said in twelve hours, or more than three an hour: and, to complicate matters, we learn in addition that the crowds of communicants are so great that ciboriums are ever being emptied and filled again, while the hands of the priests grow weary in the distribution of the Eucharist. Again, a young lady who has not been cured, as she expected, straightway falls into revolt, and denounces the Blessed Virgin as an impostor: then, entering into herself, she sets matters right by going to confession to a priest who has no faculties to hear confessions—being a chance visitor like herself. This same priest suddenly bethinks him that he has failed to say Mass for two days, and is *therefore* in a state of mortal sin; from which he escapes by going and saying Mass on the third day, without the unimportant preliminary of making his confession. * There is a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and the priest who officiates is warned to grasp the monstrance fast, lest the crowd in the excess of their devotion should snatch it from his hands; and though they do not actually proceed to this extremity, the people surge around the Sacred Host, gesticulating and crying in a scene of delirious confusion. We also hear of a hymn new to the repertory of the Church, the "*Laudate Sion Salvatorem.*" Extreme Unction and the Viaticum are administered during the course of the narrative, according to a rite which, as Mgr. Ricard remarks,¹ it would be hard to discover in the ritual. A novice, twenty days after her entrance into Religion, is admitted to her "partial vows," whatever these may be.

As to the history of Lourdes and its marvels, with regard to which M. Zola speaks as one fully informed, it is a little startling to find him quote, without any remark, the case of one at least² whose cure dates, not from Lourdes, but from Oostacker in Belgium.

These, however, are after all minor points, and are quoted only as showing how far from accurate realists can be. What is of far greater importance is the account given of the dispositions and mental condition of those who seek our Lady's assistance and solicit her intercession. Here again our author gives us full details, and it may be said in brief that not one of those whom he describes could appear to any well-instructed Catholic as even a possible object of Divine intervention. It is

¹ *La vraie Bernadette de Lourdes*, p. 3.

² Pierre de Rudder.

the young lady, the heroine of the story, who, failing of an immediate cure, takes to blasphemy. Another of the party who share the same carriage, is a mother wildly solicitous for a hopelessly weakly child: she had never gone near a church till she heard that people were cured at Lourdes; then she starts off there at once with the infant; and when it dies there, she returns at once to her old self, saying that she had been right in her former attitude of unbelief, and that there is no God. In like manner, her fellow-travellers had in one way or another taken up religion on account of the material benefit which they hoped to derive from it, and if some of them cling to their new faith in spite of disappointment, this, we are told, is but an instance of the strange powers of self-deception existing in the human mind. Another party to whom we are introduced, of better social position, and travelling in a second-class carriage, are of a still lower type. They are externally exceedingly devout, not to say sanctimonious, and the object of their pilgrimage is ostensibly to obtain the cure of their scrofulous son. What they really desire is that this son should outlive a wealthy aunt, whose money will otherwise go to another branch of the family. Their ambition is accomplished, for the aunt, who likewise accompanies them, dies suddenly at Lourdes of heart disease; whereupon the parents, forgetting themselves in their good luck, not only break out into exclamations about the goodness of Providence, but let the poor boy see that they do not now care how soon he too may be taken from them. Assuredly, if this were the realistic account of the disposition of pilgrims, it would seem as impossible to Catholics as it does to M. Zola himself, that miracles should be wrought for their sake.

The author, however, undertakes to conduct us much further amid the secrets of the mind, and to display the principles upon which the faith of believers is produced. The central figure of his romance is a young priest, in whose story as it is told us we meet with most remarkable instances of M. Zola's various methods. This young man is the son of a pious mother and an unbelieving father, the latter being an ardent experimentalist in the field of chemistry, who pursuing his researches, as it would seem, with more zeal than discretion, finally kills himself by an explosion in his laboratory. An elder son having at the time of his father's death been already deeply imbued with his principles, so much so that he becomes a manufacturer of

explosives for revolutionary purposes, the mother sets her heart on making a priest of Pierre, the younger, that he may by his ministry contribute to the relief of souls condemned to eternal punishment, an idea which, whether we regard it from the point of Catholic doctrine or of common sense, is still more grotesque than any we have yet considered. Submitting to his parent's wish, Pierre devotes himself to the ecclesiastical state, his resolution being strengthened by the fact that a little girl with whom he has had sundry passages of childish love-making, in consequence of a fall from her horse has become an apparently hopeless cripple, and, since she can never be a woman, he finds it easier to condemn himself never to be a man. Most naturally this strange kind of vocation does not prove enduringly effectual, the more so as in the Seminary wherein he was trained, an institution as completely *sui generis* as anything else which we meet in these pages, the one principle inculcated is the necessity of stifling the reason, and believing everything without examining anything. In spite of all, however, he goes on, for his mother's sake, and is ordained priest. Then his mother dies suddenly, and he has a bad illness in his desolate home, and during his convalescence a perusal of the papers and books left by his father completes the overthrow of his original beliefs. These documents, we are expressly told, were not professedly anti-religious, containing only scientific disquisitions on the studies which had interested the deceased. "But," says M. Zola, "by degrees a scientific clarity resulted from a mass of established phenomena which demolished dogmas, and left no vestige of the facts in which he was bidden to believe." That is to say, in plainer language, these treatises on chemistry sufficed to prove that there is no God.

Having in this facile manner cut the Gordian knot, and placed the point which he is most concerned to press under the ægis of science, M. Zola proceeds to trace in minute, and truth to tell, in wearisome detail, the workings of the poor young man's mind, drawing a picture even more revolting than that of the bodily ailments whereof we have spoken. Utterly disbelieving the doctrines of the Church, in this his new condition of chemical enlightenment, Pierre nevertheless resolves to go on. "He formed," we are told, "the heroic resolution to remain a priest, and a good priest. He would exercise his functions, as a minister of God, whom he would preach, celebrate at the altar, and distribute in the Bread of Life," and like

multitudes of his brethren, whom he knew to be in like case with himself, he would take courage "to make the Divine illusion shed its rays upon the kneeling crowds."

In this state of mind he determines to make the pilgrimage to Lourdes, the history of which he has studied with much care from original documents, and towards which he feels a great attraction, not from any hope that there may be something supernatural about it, but on account of the spell cast upon his soul by the image of Bernadette, or to quote the inimitable original, *infiniment séduit par la figure droite et pure de la voyante*. Her visions, to be sure, were hallucinations, of that he is certain, and she herself an hysterical girl, with a faculty for imagining what she did not see: but she was the source and origin of a great work; her dream had done something to appease the desire of poor humanity to be consoled by an illusion; and having done this she had herself been forgotten in comparison with the worship which she had evoked. "She was in his eyes the chosen soul, the martyr; and if he could never again believe, if the history of this unfortunate creature was enough to give the finishing blow to his faith," it supplied him with another more satisfying to his heart, "that of human life and human sorrow."

With such sonorous but somewhat vague sentiments he seeks to find at the Grotto the power of annihilating his reasoning faculties, that so he may be able to continue the outward profession of what he feels to be a lie.

We are likewise introduced to some educated men who are believers, and a study of their mental attitude is not less interesting and instructive. Foremost among these is a certain physician, who had been an advanced freethinker, having, indeed, no small share in the destruction of the young priest's faith. His wife, however, and daughter, to whom he was passionately attached, have been taken from him almost at the same time, and as science has been unable to save them, he turns upon it with a furious hatred, prompting him to adopt the belief which seems most contrary to it. Desiring, moreover, to see the lost ones again, he argues that his only chance is to adopt the creed which they held. Such a man M. Zola presents as a typical specimen of a believer.

In regard of others to whom he introduces us there is an important observation to make. When replying to critics who have quarrelled with his facts M. Zola has thought it sufficient to say

that his work is a romance and should be treated as such, and to deny that he has attempted to produce a history.¹ Nevertheless, of the characters which play their part in his tale, some are actual persons, described under their own names, while others are most transparently disguised under other designations. Among the latter is the physician charged with the examination of alleged cures, who is represented as half charlatan, half simpleton, taking none of the means which the most ordinary common-sense would suggest to fulfil the duty laid upon him. There are other touches thrown into the picture which seem to indicate something like personal *animus*.² Of the other class it will be sufficient to mention Mgr. Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes, and the Abbé Peyramale, Curé of Lourdes, both of whom are represented as having favoured the devotion, not because they believed in the reported visions, but out of compassion for the people who required to be thus consoled.

On the other side, we have the portrait of a freethinker, possessing the courage of his convictions, which has evidently been drawn with a loving hand. This is an old soldier, already twice struck with apoplexy, and awaiting with perfect serenity the advent of a third attack which he knows must be fatal, and this "not as a believer looking forward to the reward of another life, but as a weary man, anxious to fall into nothingness, and for the great eternal peace of non-existence." Those who know the ways of the accomplished novelist will make sure on the first appearance of this character that he will be used for a great stroke before we see the last of him, and such an anticipation is fully justified, for he is made to play the chief part in one of the most ludicrous scenes we ever remember to have seen seriously described. Just as the pilgrim train is about to start on its return journey, this veteran has the long expected third fit, and is carried into a room of the station to die. In spite of the nature of his malady, and though at the point of death, he preserves his mind perfectly clear, and is able to enjoy the realization of his desire *de tomber à l'éternel sommeil, au néant réparateur*, a phrase which we shall not attempt to render in our unsympathetic tongue. More than this, though speechless, he is able by an extraordinary use of his eyes, to preach a last

¹ See Mgr. Ricard, *La vraie Bernadette de Lourdes*, Second Edition, Preface, p. vi.

² Thus, a priest has brought the doctor to the station at two in the morning to meet the train conveying the "Grands Malades," and the latter is represented as stifling a yawn, very cross, in spite of his obsequious air, at having had to get up so early.

homily on his favourite doctrine. He is surrounded by priests who ask if they can do anything for him: No, no! say the eyes. An old woman strays to the spot, with a bottle of water from the Grotto, and they, taking this for a manifest Divine intervention, exhort him to "drink and pray." The eyes again sparkle in the negative, while the dying man's mind thinks out a long argument on the subject. Next he is shown one of the supposed instances of cure recently effected, and is promised the like in his own case if he will but comply: but his eyes only fill with tears of compassion for one who has the folly of wishing to live. Then, in spite of his paralysis, with which he has been lying utterly helpless, he turns over and dies; whence it would appear that if faith is powerless to work miracles, it is not so with unbelief.

We have already seen something of the treatment accorded to Bernadette, and the account given of the part played by her in connection with the apparitions at the Grotto; it is however necessary to treat this point somewhat more fully, for, notwithstanding his disclaimer, M. Zola undoubtedly poses as the historian of her life, and undertakes to inform us how her delusions originated. Weakly and puny from her birth, she was brought up, he tells us, amid surroundings which fostered in her mind a love of the marvellous and a habit of day-dreaming. In the little village of Bartrès, where she spent her earlier years, she kept sheep in sight of grand and picturesque mountains, and being slow of learning and knowing only how to say her Rosary, spent her time in thinking of the Blessed Virgin. In the evenings she had pious pictures given her to look at, and the time was passed in listening to stories from the Lives of the Saints, or more frequently from the Bible. As to the latter, though the assertion will seem far from realistic to many of our countrymen, M. Zola declares that from time immemorial it had been read by the fireside of the cottage in which she dwelt, till the women and girls who heard it knew its contents by heart. There were besides fairy tales and legends current in the village which, though she preferred sacred stories, exercised a profound influence on her mind. Finally, during a whole winter season the villagers, to economize light and firing, assembled to pass their evenings in the church, where they read the Bible and said their prayers together. The children, not unnaturally, went to sleep, but Bernadette struggled to keep her eyes open, fixing them on an inartistic but gaudy image of our Lady, the blue

eyes of which seemed to look at her, while she could not but fancy that the ruby lips ever and anon opened as though to speak. Thus duly prepared for the part she was destined to play, she returned to her native Lourdes and in circumstances particularly exhausting to her weak physique beheld in the Grotto a sort of resurrection of her sick dreams of the night before, dreams for which her past experiences furnished abundant material.

Such in very brief outline is the story which M. Zola sets before us as the outcome of special researches into the facts of the case. But the circumstantiality of his details has aroused a remarkable opposition. The members of the municipal council of Bartrès, highly indignant at his treatment of their little community and its affairs, have unanimously and officially declared that the whole tale he tells is a pure fabrication. There were no such fire-side readings they say; there were never any evening assemblies in the church; their modest church was not in any way calculated to excite the imagination: nor was there any blue-eyed and red-lipped Virgin. In answer to this serious contradiction M. Zola has delivered himself of an utterance¹ with which he appears to be well satisfied, for it is to be printed, as we are informed,² in future editions of his work. To others than the author his rejoinder will probably appear less convincing. After sundry rather cheap sarcasms on the rusticity of his opponents, his communication resolves itself into an assertion that he knows better than they, having information from one of themselves, who however—as he tells us—has very possibly forgotten the matter, and will more probably deny all about it, through fear of unpleasant consequences likely to ensue.

One other element of this curious romance must be mentioned, if we would rightly appreciate its value. In the course of it we are shown an instance of the manner in which "cures" are wrought, being introduced to the *grande miraculée* of the season. This is the young lady, the friend of Pierre, of whose malady, occasioned by a fall from her horse, we have already heard. After ten years of suffering she becomes convinced that if only she can get to Lourdes she will be restored to health. Before leaving Paris, she is examined by three doctors, two of whom, men of experience and high standing in their profession,

¹ See the *Paris Figaro*, August 31, 1894, p. 1.

² *Times*' Paris Correspondent, Sept. 1, 1894.

pronounce her case quite hopeless. The third however, a young man almost unknown and with the reputation of being eccentric, declares that if she goes she will be healed, and foretells the exact manner in which her restoration will take place. The fact is, he says, that nature has already repaired the injury, and if she can by a sudden excitement be made to realize the fact all will be well. Accordingly she goes ; she makes up her mind as to the precise moment when the miracle will be worked, and when it arrives the wonderful young doctor's predictions are fulfilled to the letter in every detail.

It would be easy to go on and to discuss other points of similar nature to those already examined, but these appear sufficient for our purpose. What we desire is to give our readers the means of judging the true value of a much belauded book, and of answering the question as to the useful purposes it can serve, and the "power" which it exhibits. It is manifestly intended to discredit not Catholicism only or Christianity, but religious belief of every kind. This it attempts to do by casting ridicule upon alleged facts telling the other way. To this end a series of persons and incidents, confessedly romantic, are introduced, which their inventor can manœuvre just as he pleases, and in whose history he finds exactly the moral that he wishes. To disprove a history by a romance is assuredly a new and strange endeavour, yet in this there are many who seem to think that M. Zola has succeeded, but it is necessary to point out that he has obviously misapprehended or ignored every element of importance in the problem which he wishes to solve.

J. G.

Meigle:

A FRAGMENT FROM THE SCULPTURED STONES OF SCOTLAND.

What mean these stones? (Josue iv. 3, 6.)

The awful faces of other times are silent. (Ossian.)

THE sculptured stones of Scotland are at once a mystery and a revelation. They are more or less a mystery to the most learned antiquaries and archæologists, for still remains unanswered regarding them, the question, "What mean these stones?" which Joshua predicted the children would ask their fathers concerning the "twelve very hard stones" that he had commanded one of each of the twelve tribes to "take out of the midst of the Jordan." They are the revelation of a high culture in some dim and distant century, and an enduring witness to the fact that even then barbarism was not supreme, that the beauty of the Catholic Church had permeated the heart and had trained the hand of the Christian Celt: for art was already the willing handmaid of religion. And they demand our veneration, the reverence due to an art which derived its inspiration from the Cross, from the Holy Bible, and from the altar of God.

These "stones are raised on high to speak to future times with their grey heads of moss," and yet, being for the most part, though by no means universally, without inscriptions, they do not exactly speak. Not all the light of the nineteenth century, not exceeding toil and boundless research, can entirely unveil monuments without a date, and the fact that it is barely possible to draw the veil aside, has only increased the desire to learn more about them, and has added intensity to the question, "What mean these stones?" while still "the awful faces of other times are silent."

There is mystery indeed surrounding the venerable manuscript of the *Book of Durrow*, but there is less of the unknown in the written page than in the stone which is silent. The voice of the Celtic scribe is clear as his penmanship. We hear it over thirteen hundred years when we read his request here

recorded: "I pray thy blessedness, O holy presbyter Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book into his hands, may remember the writer, Columba, who have myself written this Gospel in the space of twelve days, by the grace of our Lord. *Ora pro me, frater mi; Dominus tecum sit.*"¹ And we hear the voice of the scribe of the *Book of Deer*, from his Aberdeenshire Monastery in the ninth century, "Be it on the conscience of every one in whom shall be for grace the booklet with splendour, that he give a blessing to the soul of the wretchcock who wrote it."² But Celtic scribes and sculptors were generally regardless of the curiosity of men and women yet unborn, and the sculptor, at least, did not waste time in cutting out the date. When he had completed his magnificent letter he omitted to mention the year or the day. He little reckoned how dearly, after the wear and tear of ages, his handiwork would be valued. There was a time, not so very far distant, when even an exceptionally intelligent traveller could write of these monuments that after venturing on a possible date, "it is perhaps beyond human penetration any further to unravel their import,"³ whilst another writes, despairingly, "the *stones of memorial* were erected during ancient times in vain, since they were without inscriptions."⁴ Occasionally a learned traveller directed special attention to the monuments, yet in those uncritical days the ordinary tourist, if he thought it worth his pains to inquire concerning some Scottish village of reputed antiquity, was probably content with the information afforded by the country people, that here "there was a kirk and a manse in the time of the Picts," and therefore pursued his investigations no further. But if he tried to learn something about the strange sculptured or unsculptured stones encountered in a field or kirkyard, he was invariably informed that the "Stannin Stanes" were erected to commemorate victories over the Danes; and, perhaps not feeling fully assured of this, he may have turned to his local guide-book to read the lucid statement that "these stones were erected by the Danes, or were more probably Popish crosses."

The days, however, are passed when intelligent people are satisfied with such information, and for several decades the

¹ See J. O. Westwood, *Fac-Similes of the miniatures and ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts*.

² See *Book of Deer*.

³ Ch. Cordiner, *Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 67.

⁴ George Chalmers, *Caledonia*, vol. ii. p. 465.

sculptured stones of Scotland have been diligently searched into and inquired after.

There are few subjects on which men have indulged so freely in theories and in speculations as the origin of the sculptured stones. They have been Norwegian or Danish, Egyptian or Indian, Gnostic or Talismanic, Phœnician or Druidical, according to the imagination of the individual. One, dazzled by the "Light of Asia," saw Buddha in every line or scratch of the stone on the northern hillside, and would fain trace the origin of the symbolism of the monuments to the banks of the Ganges. With confidence he finds in the simple, upright boulder or obelisk, a type of "the incomprehensible supreme Deity," in the Spectacle Ornament is the Buddhist Triad, and in a stone built into a kirkyard he unhesitatingly discovers a "circle representing Brahma, the self-existent and absolute Creator," the smaller circles "representing Vishnu, Siva, and personal life," while in a slightly and indefinitely scratched boulder he is fortunate in discovering "an example of an Oriental symbolically sculptured obelisk." According to this ingenious writer, the zealous priests of Buddha arrived in these islands about A.D. 61, and, although with regard to their mission history is silent, they slew the Druids of southern Britain, and then proceeding over the Borders, penetrated into the dark forests of savage Caledonia, and lost no time in carving the rocks of Pictland with the symbols of their faith.¹ Well may the bewildered student exclaim, "What mean these stones?" Turning from the strange visions of one who is for ever ruminating on Buddha and Nirvana, not on Celtic Christianity, we meet another who has clearly perceived on a monument *Aft* the high cap of the Egyptian Osiris, and by it the sacred lotus flower,² or to yet another who is happy in finding traces of the worship of the Queen of Heaven, as Ashtaroth or Aphrodite. Again we approach the theories of a writer who has evidently discovered on the stones Thor and Valhalla all the unmistakable indications of the stern mythology of Scandinavia. To him the symbol of the Sun, Axe, or Crescent, speaks clearly of the mighty Thor, the God of the Sun, and the God of the Thunder; the Spectacle Ornament typifies the Sun passive and the passive Moon or Frey and Freya: Frey most benignant of the Divine Triad of Scandinavia, the God of good harvests and of general

¹ Thomas A. Wise, *History of Paganism in Caledonia*.

² See Daniel Wilson, *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, vol ii. p. 22.

prosperity, and Freya (to whom also belongs the symbol of the Mirror), the kindly Goddess of the Earth and Moon, the Great Mother Nature.¹ Well, indeed, may the now distracted student cry, in his perplexity, "What mean these stones?" But the day for uncritical assertion as well as for vague theorizing is past. It is indeed strange what a fascination has been felt in surrounding native workmanship with the glamour of immemorial antiquity. Some persons are never tired of wandering back at least five centuries B.C., and of talking magniloquently of the period before "the doctrine of Christ had, like the sun, quenched the fires of Baal, and extinguished the misty, cloudy creed of Buddha." We have only to consider what scenes the Round Towers of Ireland, and the Scottish Towers of Abernethy and Brechin, identical with them in type, once witnessed.

These dismal edifices were relegated from time to time to all sorts and conditions of men, to any age providing it was sufficiently remote, and to every conceivable purpose and creed. They were the abodes of sorcerers, in league with the Evil One, they resembled those towers described by Lucian as standing in the Sun Temple of Hierapolis, they were built by the Phœnicians, the Persians, or Indo-Scythians; they were fire temples, they were Gnomons or astronomical observatories; they were Phallic or Buddhist temples, they were shrines of Baal, or resorts of the adherents of Zoroaster; they were constructed by the Chaldean Magi, or African sea champions; finally they were Druidical, and around their rugged walls hoary Druids once danced, and on the eve of May Day the arch-Druid on his tower-top lit his fire from which every hearth throughout the land was rekindled.²

It may have been a wrench for some to abandon their cherished beliefs and the Round Towers may have fallen for them in dignity and have become quite common-place and uninteresting when the conclusions of a learned antiquary were generally accepted, and these edifices were henceforth merely regarded as built by Christians for self-preservation and for the safe custody of the treasures of the Church.³ Certainly in regard of the sculptured monuments it is with no unwillingness

¹ See the Earl of Southesk, *Origins of Pictish Symbolism*.

² See George Petrie, *Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland*.

³ *Ibid.*

that we turn away from the mythologies of the East and of Scandinavia, to read in the calm light of the highest investigation as near an answer as can be given to the question, "What mean these stones?" It is that "they are monuments of Christian character and Christian time."¹ Resting on this foundation we learn to approach the venerable monuments not with less but with more of reverence, and with an affectionate familiarity which their assignment to pre-historic antiquity and to heathen hands would render impossible. Even granting that antiquaries differ in opinion as to the century of the monuments, it is sufficient that they are Christian, and belonged or succeeded to a period when art had attained a high perfection in the monastic library and workshop. "When the fine arts may be said to have been almost extinct in Italy and other parts of the Continent, namely, from the fifth to the end of the eighth century, a style of art had been established and cultivated in Ireland, absolutely distinct from all the parts of the civilized world,"² and to this style of art the sculptured stones belong.

The sculptured stones of Scotland have produced a literature in themselves, and it is only to one set of these monuments in the village of Meikle in Perthshire that this brief article relates.

For centuries these and all others of their class remained unnoticed, except by the learned and curious few. It was after the sculptor had left his finished work that the middle ages began and ended, generations passed away, the national history was created, the wars of Independence raged, Bannockburn and Flodden were fought, the Church of St. Columba and of St. Margaret was laid in the dust, Scotland met in union with her "auld enemies," and the stones were silent, either buried or forgotten, and generally unheeded by priest and warrior. For seventeen centuries the world lived on, unaware or neglectful of the existence of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, but when these were revealed, and men entered the silent streets of the dead, there was less of mystery in the household articles of daily use, in the equipments of the workshop or the kitchen or the toilet, the date and use of which were certain, than in the symbolism of the stones. As to the purposes of the stones, the belief that they were frequently erected as sepulchral monuments over the illustrious dead has

¹ See Joseph Anderson, *Scotland in Early Christian Times*. Second Series.

² See J. O. Westwood, *Palaographia sacra Pictavia*.

received high favour. In the earliest historical notice of them which exists we are informed by Boece, that King Reutha, who flourished about two centuries before the Christian era, "was the first King among the Scottis that fand ingine to put nobill men for thair vailyeant dedis in memory, and maid riche sepulturis for the bodyis of thaim that war slane be Britonis in defence of this realme. He commandit als monie hie stanis to be set about the sepulture of every nobil man as was slane be him of Britonis. In memory heirof, sindry of thaim remanis yit in the hielandis, that the pepill may knaw sic men war vailyeant in their dayis, throu quhilk it came in use that the sepulturis of nobill men was haldin in gret reverence amang the pepill. On their sepulturis was ingrain imageris of dragones, wolves, and other beistis; for no invention of letteris was in thay dayis to put the deedis of nobil men in memore."¹

If the valiant men, their deeds, and their sepulchres received small attention in Boece's time, the latter were doubtless classed with monuments of idolatry in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and as such their demolition decreed—who can say how many may have fallen before the axes and hammers of the Lords of the Congregation in 1559? When eighty years later the General Assembly which met at Aberdeen passed an Act "anent the abolishing of idolatrous monuments," the commission of destruction was promptly obeyed by those who set to work "to purge both cities of Aberdeen of such trash," and who knocked down "old weather-beaten stones when monuments were not to be found." What may have been lost to the antiquary for ever when these "old weather-beaten stones" were knocked down? Sorely is he tempted to invoke the "minstrel's malison:"

Oh! be his tomb as lead to lead
Upon the dull destroyer's head!²

Indeed any monuments at Meikle which were not buried or forgotten had probably perished long ere this, for the work of "the sons of havoc" commenced only a few miles distant when, on the 11th of May, 1559, John Knox preached at Perth "a thundering sermon against idolatry" in the Church of St. John the Baptist. It has been truly said, "We judge of what we have lost by what remains."³

¹ *Croniklis of Scotland*. The Secund Buke, cap. x. Bellenden's Translation.

² *Marmion*.

³ Anderson, *Scotland in Early Christian Times*.

The village of Meigle is of extreme antiquity. It is situated in the kingdom of the Southern Picts, called by the Venerable Bede, the *Australis Picti*. In the Register of St. Andrew's we find the following entry which was copied about the middle of the twelfth century by the monks of St. Andrew's from the ancient books of the Picts: *Thana filius Dudabrach hoc monumentum scripsit Regi Pherath filio Bergeth in villa Migdele*—"Thana, son of Dudabrach, wrote this document for King Pherath, son of Bergeth, in the town of Migdele." The King here meant is probably the last king but one of the Picts, called in the Pictish Chronicle, Wrad, son of Bargoit, who reigned from 840 to 843; and Migdele is Meigle in Perthshire.¹

The document Thana wrote is known as the Second Legend of St. Andrew. One hundred and thirty years before there had been changes in the ecclesiastical world of the Picts. In the year 710, Nectan, King of the Picts, "taught by frequent study of the ecclesiastical writings, renounced the error by which he and his nation had till then held in relation to the observance of Easter, and submitted together with his people to celebrate the Catholic time of our Lord's Resurrection." Nectan had accomplished this desirable change by sending messengers "to the venerable man Ceolfrid, Abbot of the Monastery of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, which stands at the mouth of the River Tyne, at the place called Yarrow, desiring that he would write him a letter containing arguments, by the help of which he might the more powerfully confute those that presumed to keep Easter out of the due time; as also concerning the form and manner of the tonsure." He also prayed to have architects sent him "to build a church in his nation after the Roman manner, promising to dedicate the same in honour of the blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and that he and all his people would always follow the custom of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, as far as they could ascertain the same in consequence of their remoteness from the Roman language and nation." Nectan not only brought about the observance of the canonical Easter throughout his bleak dominions, he also placed them under the protection of the Prince of the Apostles.² To the reign of this en-

¹ See *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, Pref. p. 14; *Hist. B. Reguli et fund Eccles. S. Andree*; Pinkerton's *Enquiry into the History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 462; W. F. Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 275.

² Baeda, *Hist. Eccles.* lib. iii.

lightened monarch belongs the Legend of St. Bonifacius. We must pass by the details of the picturesque romance, and what is probably true of the legend is,¹ that St. Bonifacius assisted in King Nectan's vigorous reformation, and that he dedicated seven churches to St. Peter in Pictland, of which Meikle was one. It was therefore under the very shadow of the Church of St. Peter that Thana, son of Dudabrach, wrote his document in Migdele. There is no reason to suppose that the minor characteristics of the Columban church were quietly laid aside by the conservative inmates of the monasteries. The retention of these was perfectly compatible with implicit obedience and absolute uniformity in all essential matters, and we know of at least two monasteries, those of Deer and Turriff, which retained their clerical element and Celtic character unimpaired down to the time of David I.² The residence of Thana in Migdele would seem to imply the existence of a religious house there, as in such house only was literary work possible in those days, and here probably Thana occupied the important position of the scribe. The scribe, the *ferleiginn*, or man of learning, was held in such esteem that the penalty for shedding his blood was as great as that for killing a Bishop or Abbot. If there was a Scriptorium in Migdele wherein, ten centuries ago Thana pursued his peaceful studies, was there not also in all likelihood a workshop where the sculptor produced in stone the same designs as the illuminator delineated on vellum?

The lamp of faith had been originally kindled amongst the southern Picts by St. Ninian, who, early in the fifth century, brought his commission to evangelize the heathen straight from the "threshold of the Apostles." The light may have grown dim, but the zeal of the monks of Iona was sufficient to rekindle it brightly again, and, if the spirit of those Columban days when faith was "fresh of hue" still lingered, we may conjecture under what spiritual influences Thana wrote his documents in Migdele, and the nameless sculptors carved their stones. As the art of the monuments belonged to the Celtic school, so we would fain believe that the soul of the artist was trained under the influence of the characteristic Celtic Church. If so, the monuments are the work of those whose Rule of Life was a sublime one. They are the work of those who

¹ See *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 227.

² *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 380.

knew, "three labours in the day, prayers, work, and reading,"¹ whose days were spent "at times kneeling to beloved Heaven; at times in psalm-singing, at times contemplating the King of Heaven, Holy the Chief; at times at work without compulsion."² They are the handiwork of those who preceded their toil by the *Signum Salutare*, who anticipated the day of death as the *Natalis*, and we doubt not that these same hands which carved the stones were often uplifted in prayer before the altar of God. It is with reverence therefore we approach the venerable monuments.

The largest and in some respects the most important of the stones at Meigle is a slab of sandstone, eight feet in height by three and a half in breadth. It bears on the obverse a Celtic cross. Grave and silent, the ravages of time and many a storm have yet left it beautiful with the grace of hoary old age. We have seen that silence is the characteristic of the stones, yet to this rule there are exceptions. One cross, in southern Scotland, the cross of Ruthwell speaks for all, and these are the words half obliterated by time and barbarism, yet legible to the scholar, which are carved on the face of the Holy Rood.

Then the young hero prepared himself.

That was Almighty God,
Strong and firm of mood
He mounted the lofty cross,
Courageously in the sight of many.

I raised the powerful King,
The Lord of the Heavens;
I dared not fall down.

They reviled us both together
I was all stained with blood,
Poured from the man's side.

Christ was on the cross,
And thither hastening
Men came from afar.
Unto the noble One.

I that all beheld,
With sorrow I was overwhelmed.

With shafts all wounded,
They laid Him down limb-weary,
They stood at the corpse's head:
Beholding the Lord of Heaven.³

¹ *The Rule of Colum Cille.*

² *Book of the Dean of Lismore.*

³ The Runic inscription on this cross was deciphered by Mr. Kemble. The author of it is said on the cross to be Caedmon, the Anglo-Saxon poet of the seventh century. In 1832, an ancient manuscript was found in the old conventual library at

These are the words of the cross of Ruthwell.

Well may the other stones be silent! The reverse of the largest monument at Meigle is thickly carved with "inscrutable symbols." As in the early Christian art of Italy or Gaul, Christian and Pagan symbols are commingled. Thus on this stone we have the centaur representing the warfare between the spirit and the flesh. We find horsemen before whom an indescribable winged creature has appeared, and here we must remember that Dr. Anderson has pointed out to us "how the explanation of much of the obscure symbolism of the sculptured stones was to be found in the mediæval works on natural history, known as *Bestiaries*, or Books of Beasts.¹ We are to look for a mythical interpretation rather than to assume "that these pictorial subjects are historical, in the sense of recording contemporary events and incidents." The figures of the horsemen often repeated on the stones at Meigle may refer to the chase which is "a well understood and commonly accepted symbol." "Its significance is explained in the *Hortus Deliciarum*, or Garden of Delights. We offer to God the spoils of the chase, when by example or precept we convert the wild beasts, that is to say, wicked men. The chase of the Christian is the conversion of sinners. These are represented by hares, by goats, by wild boars, or by stags. The hares signify the incontinent; the goats the proud; the wild boars the rich, and the stags the wordly-wise. These four beasts we smite with four darts by our example of continence, humility, voluntary poverty, and perfect charity; we pursue them with dogs when we arouse their fears by the preaching of the word."²

In the centre of the stone is a representation of Daniel in the Lion's Den. This was a favourite subject of the Celtic sculptor, and it is admirably treated here.

Stone No. 2 bears on the obverse a Celtic cross. The cross is covered with fine and intricate patterns elaborately carved, and we may form some idea of the school of spiritual loveliness which the stones indicate. We are at once reminded of the *Book of Kells* and its perfect caligraphy. The book is brilliant with colour, it was once enshrined in a priceless case, and has

Vercelli in Italy, containing among other poems and homilies in the South Anglian dialect of the tenth century a poem entitled, "The Dream of the Holy Rood." Here we have a manuscript version in a South Anglian dialect of the inscription on the two sides of the Ruthwell cross.

¹ *Scotland in Early Christian Times*.

² *Ibid.*

spent its long life of thirteen hundred years treasured from the outward air or ruthless touch. The stone is grey and faded with age, and with the wear and tear of northern winters, but still it is apparent that the hand which traced the illuminated pages of the magnificent volume was guided by one and the same inspiration as that which guided the sculptor. Tradition says that St. Columba himself wrote the *Book of Kells*, and at the dictation of an angel. The reverse of this stone is full of interest. In his admirable Guide-book the Venerable Arch-deacon Aglen writes: "On the top is the fish symbol surmounting an animal's head, possibly that of a horse, and the triquetra, or three-cornered loop, which is used in illuminated MSS. and in metal work to fill up triangular spaces. Here its use can hardly be anything but emblematic, and the doctrine of the Trinity suggests itself. Then comes the curious beast with spiral feet and trunk coiled over the neck, which is generally called the elephant. Its meaning is unknown. That of the serpent with floriated Z is probably a conventional way of representing the Fall, the floriations being what convention has preserved of the tree. The animal beside it suggests a ram, and that a little below a camel kneeling."¹ The horsemen are again represented on this stone, and there is a Mirror and a Comb. These latter may indicate the grave of a woman, or may have some allusion to the ecclesiastical ritual in which they sometimes appeared.

No. 9 is a beautiful stone, and the interlaced pattern is singularly clear-cut and fresh.

It has been suggested that the bears tearing to pieces the children who mocked Elisha at Bethel are delineated on Stone 2. A panel of fretwork is on one side, and it is richly carved with half-beasts half-birds, serpents entwined, and other strange devices.

No. 20 has a fine interlaced border, and on one side, bulls, a wolf, and a deer.

No. 22. This is a most inscrutable monument, and the suggestion that it was a flat tombstone has probably obtained most favour.

None of the stones have received so much local attention as Nos. 18 and 19. These, tradition says, covered the grave of Guinevere or Guanora, known in the Scottish dialect as Wander, the frail Queen of Arthur. According to Hector Boece, Guanora

¹ A. S. Aglen, *The Sculptured Stones at Meigle*. Guide-book.

was captured by the Picts after the defeat of Modred on the banks of the Humber, was imprisoned in the strong fortress of Dunbarre, or Barry Hill, then torn to pieces by wild beasts, and buried at Meigle. When the poet Gray sojourned in Scotland, he says he "passed through Megill, where is the tomb of Queen Wanders, that was riven to dethe by staned horses for nae gude that she did."¹ Women feared even to look on her grave, and the superstition was that "All women that stampis on this sepulture shall be ay barrant, but ony fruit of their wame sich like as Guanora was."

It is sad that one of the most interesting of the monuments of Meigle has perished, having been destroyed when the parish church was burnt down in 1869. In the year 1569, it was thus described: "At Newtylde² thair is ane stane, callit be sum the Thane Stane, iii. eln of height, and quarteris braid, ane quarter thik and mair, with ane cors at the heid of it, and ane goddes next that in ane cairt, and twa hors drawand hir, and horsmen under that, and fuitmen and dogges, halkis and serpentis; on the west side of it, ane cors curiouslie gravit; bot all is maid of ane auld fassane of schap."³ It has been suggested that instead of a goddess in a cart, the sculpture is meant to represent the Prophet Elijah ascending to heaven in a chariot of fire.

The stones of Meigle are twenty-two in number, and we have here alluded to but a few of the most interesting. We have hardly touched the fringe of the garment of the sculptured stones of Scotland. The study of these existing in different parts of the country is a profitable one. "No other nation possesses, or can ever hope to possess, such monuments."⁴

They illustrate the most ancient life in Scotland of which we have any illustrations. They show it in its common as well as in its ecclesiastical and military aspects. They exhibit the dress of the huntsman, the warrior, the pilgrim, and the ecclesiastic. They furnish representations of the forms of the chariot and the ship, the housings and harness of horses, instruments of music, arms of offence and defence, the staff of the pilgrim and the crosier of the ecclesiastic. Such implements and weapons of the period as the axe, the knife, the dirk, the sword, the spear, the shield, the bow, and the cross-bow are all represented. . . . We learn . . . that the horsemen of that period rode without spurs or stirrups, cropped the manes and tails of their

¹ *Works*, vol. ii. p. 274.

² Newtyle is a village within two miles of Meigle.

³ *Extracta e Chronicis Scotie*.

⁴ *Scotland in Early Christian Times*.

horses, used snaffle bridles with check rings and ornamental rosettes and sat upon peaked saddle-cloths; that, when journeying on horseback, they wore peaked hoods and cloaks, and when hunting or on horseback, armed, they wore a kilt-like dress, falling below mid-thighs, and a plaid across the shoulders; that they used long-bows in war, and cross-bows in hunting, that their swords were long, broad-bladed; that their spears had large lozenge-shaped heads, while their bucklers were round; that they fought on foot with sword and buckler, and on horseback with sword, spear, and shield; that when journeying on foot they wore trews or tight-fitting nether garments, and a plaid loosely wrapped round the body, or a tight jerkin with sleeves, and belt round the waist; that they wore their hair long, flowing, and curly, sometimes with peaked beards, at other times with moustaches, . . . that they used covered chariots or two-wheeled carriages with poles for draught by two horses; that they used chairs with side-arms and high, carved backs, sometimes ornamented with heads of animals; that their boats had high prows and sternposts; that the long dresses of the ecclesiastics were richly embroidered; that they walked in loose short boots, and carried crosiers and book-sachels.¹

This much we know, and yet after all, what is it? The mystery of the monuments, of their origin, their purpose, their century and their symbolism remains a mystery still. If "we judge of what we have lost by what remains," so we may judge of what we know not, by what we know. In commemoration of his dream of the golden ladder and of his vow, Jacob placed a stone, and named it Bethel, and again he erected a stone and also named it Bethel, in everlasting remembrance of his meeting with the God of his fathers. He erected a stone and a pillar, calling them Galead and Mizpah, on the site of his meeting and parting with Laban, and when the beloved wife of his youth died, he placed a pillar on her grave.

There are sermons in stone, there are poems in stone, there are requiems in stone. And there are mysteries in stone so long as the children ask the fathers, "What mean these stones?" and so long as "the awful faces of other times are silent."

M. G. J. KINLOCH.

¹ *Scotland in Early Christian Times.*

The Catholic Conference of 1894.

THE Catholic Conference of 1894 has undoubtedly been the most successful of the annual gatherings of Catholics inaugurated by the Catholic Truth Society. Beginning, like the Society itself, in a humble way—a more or less private meeting at which one or two papers were read and discussed, held in a school-room the evening after the Annual Meeting of the Society, was the germ from which the Conferences have sprung—the movement has gradually acquired strength, and the Conference is now looked forward to by many as an annual event, at which Catholics from north and south, east and west, can meet each other for the discussion of matters of common interest, as well as for friendly personal intercourse.

The success of the Conference this year was a foregone conclusion, as soon as it was known that it was to be held at Preston. This being the most Catholic town in England, noted far and wide for the beauty of its churches, the zeal of its clergy, the organization of its people, it was to be expected that its welcome to Catholics from a distance would be hearty. Yet even those who anticipated most must have felt that their expectations were far more than realized in the enthusiasm which literally from beginning to end marked the whole proceedings. Nowhere else have Catholics as a body shown such intelligent interest in the more solid work of the Conference. We are accustomed now to overflowing audiences at the evening meetings, which form a striking feature of every Conference, but the attendances during the day, even in great Catholic centres, have been intermittent and sometimes sparse. At Preston, thanks to the exertions of the various local committees, to whom the details of arrangement were entrusted, the interest never flagged; and the attendance, instead of diminishing, steadily increased.

The anxiety which was at one time felt as to whether Cardinal Vaughan would be able to carry out his part of the

programme, was fortunately groundless. Arriving quietly at Preston on the Saturday previous, His Eminence avoided the semi-public reception which had been contemplated, and by resting during Sunday, was able to preach that evening, and to deliver the inaugural address on "The Reunion of Christendom," with which the Conference was formally opened on Monday night. His entrance into the Public Hall, crowded as it was to its utmost capacity, was the signal for a wild outburst of enthusiasm, the audience rising to their feet and cheering repeatedly. The musical performance by the united choirs of Preston had by this time concluded, and His Eminence ascended the platform with a distinguished company, including His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, the Bishops of Liverpool, Salford, Birmingham, and Clifton, Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University of Washington, Sir Stuart Knill (who had been waylaid on his way northward and brought to the meeting), and representatives of the Committee of the Catholic Truth Society. The audience included the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, the Ladies Mary and Margaret Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, and a large number of clergy from all parts of England, among whom were representatives of nearly every diocese and most of the Religious Orders.

Of the Cardinal's address it is not necessary to speak; it has been issued in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society, was published *in extenso* in the Catholic and local papers, the *Christian World*, *Pulpit*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, was summarized by the *Times* and other papers, and was noticed even in such organs as *Reynolds's Newspaper*. The *Standard*, *Westminster Gazette*, and *Church Times* based leading articles upon it, not altogether favourable, but comparatively mild in tone. It has been warmly discussed in Anglican circles, and is everywhere regarded as an important contribution to that discussion of reunion which seems to be in the air, and bursts out in most unlikely places. Firm and dignified in tone, and abating no jot or tittle of the Catholic position, it was yet conciliatory and sympathetic. At no Conference has His Eminence delivered so admirable an address, and though his presence at the funeral of the Comte de Paris rendered his further attendance at the Conference impossible, his contribution stands out as one of the most important which was made to its deliberations.

On the same lines, but from a Transatlantic standpoint, the

eloquent address of Bishop Keane awakened equal enthusiasm. The Conference was fortunate in securing the attendance of so able a representative of the American hierarchy. Bishop Keane's brief visit to England was made expressly to take part in the Conference, which will be memorable for the first appearance of an American Bishop on the platform of the Catholic Truth Society. His account of the "Parliament of Religions" at Chicago—that extraordinary gathering at which the heads of all religious beliefs were represented, except the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Sultan of Turkey—was listened to with great interest, and his warm sympathy for those outside the fold found vent in a passionate appeal to Catholics to remove every obstacle which could hinder the true presentment of the Church to the people. As a leading Temperance reformer, it was natural that Bishop Keane should refer to the evils caused by drunkenness as among the principal hindrances to the spread of religion; and although his language on this head was stronger than we are in the habit of hearing from temperance advocates at home, the power of his oratory seemed to carry the audience completely with him. Father Rivington, the last speaker, was compelled by the lapse of time to be brief, but his earnestness secured for the end of the evening the same enthusiasm which had marked its beginning.

There was a good attendance next morning at half-past ten, when the Bishop of Liverpool took the chair. The Catholic Truth Society treasures among its memories the fact that the last reception by Cardinal Newman of any public body was that granted to its Committee on the occasion of the Birmingham Conference; and the Society was now honoured by the first public appearance of the Bishop of Liverpool, who received the warm greeting which a Catholic Bishop may always expect from a Catholic audience. His first act was to propose the sending of a telegram to the Holy Father, conveying the respectful homage of the Conference, and asking for a blessing. The petition was granted by a telegram in reply from Cardinal Rampolla, which came to hand shortly before the conclusion of the Conference, the whole audience rising to receive it. A few expressions of regret at non-attendance from Bishops and others having been announced by the Hon. Secretary, the first paper was read by Mr. Austin Oates, K.S.G., on "The Catholic Social Union."

It may here be noted that the experience of several years

has enabled those responsible for the arrangement of the papers and discussions to arrive at conclusions much more favourable to success than those which marked the earlier Conferences. At the earlier gatherings, too long a programme was offered for discussion; and the beginning on Monday afternoon has been wisely abandoned in favour of a public demonstration in the evening. At Manchester, so ample was the fare provided, that the zealous and long-suffering audience were compelled, even on the evening set apart for social intercourse, to listen to papers which had been crowded out of the afternoon meeting. The separate reading of each paper, with a discussion on each, prolonged the proceedings unduly: it is now found that by judicious grouping, the papers of each session can be read consecutively, a general debate on the points raised taking place afterwards. By this means the anxiety which attended the previous arrangement is obviated.

With a full recollection of the many excellent essays which have been read on former occasions, it may be said that never before have the papers and discussions been of so practical a nature as those of this year. Both, moreover, were of the right length: only one reader was compelled by the flight of time to shorten his essay, which he had the satisfaction of reading in print in one or more papers; and, although the speeches were amply sufficient to occupy the time allotted, there was no need to close the discussion while there were yet those anxious to speak. It is a step in advance to have evolved a satisfactory working scheme, and this has now been achieved.

The work of the Catholic Social Union was treated by Mr. Oates in as much detail as time would allow. The testimony which he was able to adduce, both of the priests in whose missions the Union had been established and of the workers themselves, was the best possible evidence of the satisfactory progress of this kind of social work. It is about nine years since the present writer was allowed to advocate in the pages of *THE MONTH* the formation of clubs for lads, and cognate undertakings. Both before and since, isolated efforts have been made in the direction of recreative work among Catholics, and the establishment of the Newman House settlement in Southwark did something towards extending the work. But it was not until Cardinal Vaughan formed the Catholic Social Union that anything like a general effort was made to employ social attractions as a religious force, and to organize a body of lay-

workers who would devote themselves to this object. As one of them said after the discussion, "We were only waiting to be set to work;" and if the necessary quality of perseverance is not lacking, very great results may be anticipated for this effort to bridge over the gulf which too often separates the poor from their more fortunate brethren.

Full particulars as to the work may be obtained from Mr. Oates at Archbishop's House, but we may quote one or two features from the circular which was distributed at the Conference. The Union has been started

(1) To bridge over the chasm separating the East from the West and to unite one part of the Catholic population with the other on a basis of friendly interest and mutual good-will. (2) To save a great multitude of Catholics from becoming lost to their religion and to Christianity. (3) To safeguard society in the future by strengthening the hold of the Church upon the rising generation.

It must work in conjunction with the local clergy, and must win the young people by establishing Clubs for them, (1) where they will find attractive games and amusements; (2) pleasant and sympathetic intercourse with the ladies and gentlemen who will each undertake to act as friend to a certain number; and (3) where they will have, as they are needed, classes for music, drill and gymnastics, drawing and handicrafts such as carving, modelling, basket-making, shorthand, and telegraphy, magic lantern lectures, sewing and dressmaking, cookery, and such other subjects as may be attractive and useful in the locality. (These evening classes should qualify to earn the Government Grant.) In time, the Seniors may form Clubs apart from the Juniors, for amusement and for lectures and debates on domestic, social, civic, historical, religious, and other subjects.

The Catholic Social Union is not an eleemosynary Society, which might tend to pauperize, but a Society to raise the social, moral, and material condition of our people, by educating our young men in habits of sobriety, thrift, self-respect, self-reliance, and independence of character in temporal matters, and in fidelity to the Church in spirituals; and our young women in the knowledge and habits which will help to make them good Catholic wives and mothers.

It aims at uniting all classes on the Christian basis of religious, social, and human interests.

To Mr. Oates's paper succeeded Canon Walmsley's interesting account of the Preston Gilds. After a brief historical introduction, the spiritual and temporal aspects of the gilds (which now number about 6,800 ordinary members) were dwelt upon, and the results of membership were summed up. Unfortunately, few of the visitors had had the opportunity of

seeing the "walking" of the gilds on Whit Monday—a scene which profoundly impressed the late Cardinal Archbishop—and the procession which it was at one time hoped to make a feature of the Conference, was abandoned as impracticable. But any one who has an opportunity of being in Preston on a Whit Monday should not fail to see this imposing Catholic demonstration, which can now present a record of more than fifty years.

Dr. Mooney's paper on "Hindrances to Catholic Progress" was mainly devoted to those which arise from the drink traffic. It is said to be the unexpected which always happens, and certainly the temperance workers present were not prepared for the prominence which the utterances of Bishop Keane and Dr. Mooney gave to this subject. Unfortunately, the allotted time had expired before the reader could conclude his able, practical, and interesting paper; but it has been printed *in extenso*, and can hardly fail to attract attention. The combined earnestness and moderation of Dr. Mooney's appeal should result in a development of temperance work in Preston.

The discussion which followed the three papers was bright and varied. It was opened by Dr. Keane, who cited the decrees of the Second and Third Plenary Councils of Baltimore as showing that in America the Bishops fully recognized the magnitude of the evils due to intemperance, and the necessity of combating them. Cardinal Manning's whole-hearted efforts in the cause were eloquently dwelt upon, and the enthusiasm of the speaker communicated itself to his audience. Temperance found another episcopal advocate in the Bishop of Salford, who demanded that the Government should take the measures so often threatened for regulating and controlling the drink traffic. "In future," said Dr. Bilsborrow, "when candidates came for votes, Catholics should sound them on the temperance question as well as the education question." He spoke of the number of Catholic children in our large towns who were practically unknown to the priest, and urged upon the laity the duty of taking up social work on the lines suggested by Mr. Oates. The desirable but too often lacking feature of a difference of opinion was supplied by Dean Billington, who thought the poor would not thank the rich for their interference, and by Dean Richardson, an old opponent of the club system; but the meeting supported the attitude taken up by the majority of the speakers, which was further defended by Mr. Britten, and by Mr. Oates, who summed up the discussion.

The afternoon meeting, over which the Bishop of Salford presided, was devoted to a consideration of the duty of Catholics in relation to public bodies. Mr. Stout, who has for many years been a prominent member of the Birmingham Board of Guardians, and is now chairman of the Workhouse Infirmary, read a valuable paper on the work which Catholics could do as guardians of the poor. He emphasized the importance of not regarding their position solely from a Catholic point of view, and demonstrated that if Catholic guardians did their duty impartially to all who came under their care, they would not fail to obtain the respect and support of those who were associated with them. Mr. Costelloe took a similar line with regard to the action of Catholics as to Parish Councils and similar bodies, and the same view was supported by the Duke of Norfolk in a very sensible and admirably worded speech. He said there was a time when Catholics could plead an excuse for standing aloof from public work, when they were told that as Catholics they must stand aside and let the national institutions go on without them. That excuse has now been taken away, and we owed it to the people of this country who had struck off our fetters that we should take our part in public life and that we should show them that Catholics were determined that the public life of our country should not suffer disgrace or discredit at our hands. The practical papers they had listened to had shown the path to success in attaining the sacred objects which were so dear to them. It was the object of Catholics to carry into the life of every one the privileges of belonging to the Church. There was a great responsibility resting on them, because every year the responsibilities of public citizenship were being extended. Catholics should remember that with the responsibility came the duty of keeping public life pure and noble, and if that be the case they should push forward with eagerness in this great work. They had a higher object than other men. Other men had high ideals, but they did not know where to seek for light or where to turn to learn how to carry into practical effect the yearning of their own hearts. But Catholics had the priceless traditions that had been handed down to them, and they had a special light, and, therefore, they would be betraying the trust their countrymen had extended to them if they did not give their countrymen the benefit of all the special weapons they possessed.

The discussion thus opened was carried on with spirit until

the time for closing the meeting arrived. Space will not allow us to summarize the speeches, but all agreed in the importance of Catholics taking their due share of responsibility in every kind of public and social life. Few features of the Conference were more noteworthy—none more satisfactory—than the continued insistence on this point, and the general recognition of the fair treatment now extended to Catholics in all public bodies. This was more especially brought forward as to work-houses: Catholic guardians, clerical and lay, gave their testimony to the courteous manner in which they and their co-religionists were treated. Mr. Britten pointed out that in Southwark, although there was no Catholic on the Board, the Southwark Diocesan Workhouse Association had been able to obtain from the Protestant guardians very important concessions. It may be well to state that this Association has arranged for a meeting of Catholic Guardians to be held in St. George's Cathedral House on Tuesday, October 16, under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Southwark.

The reception by the Bishop of Liverpool in the evening was attended by a vast concourse of people. It concluded with what seemed to many the most impressive feature of the Conference. From the assembled choirs and densely-packed hall, "Faith of our Fathers" ascended with immense vigour and enthusiasm, after which the Bishop gave his blessing.

On Wednesday morning, the Bishop of Clifton presiding, Mr. Britten made public a scheme for "A Catholic Art Society," which has been for some time under consideration, and which has been set on foot in a semi-private way since the beginning of the year. It will be remembered that the existing Catholic Truth Society began in a similar manner, and the success which it has attained has confirmed the promoters in their view as to the wisdom of small beginnings. Less fortunate than most, Mr. Britten's paper received somewhat scant attention at the hands of the Catholic press, although it aroused much interest among the audience. The following abridgment of the prospectus issued may therefore be new to the readers of *THE MONTH*.

Some years ago, a small number of friends arranged to subscribe for the publication in England of a series of little Religious Pictures of a kind not then readily accessible. Each subscriber received a stated number of each issue without further charge, and the remainder of the pictures were put on sale at a popular price by the Catholic Truth

Society. It has been thought that a further effort in a similar direction might now be made, and that those interested in popularizing good religious pictures might be invited to take part in such a scheme. A sum of money has already been guaranteed, and arrangements have been made by which a good selection of pictures can be made available almost at cost price.

Among those who have become subscribers may be mentioned the Bishops of Shrewsbury and Portsmouth, the latter of whom expresses a strong sense of the importance of propagating Christian Art among Catholics. Although it is by no means proposed to confine the pictures selected to those of any one school or period, care will be taken to recommend only such as are religious in tone, and not open to serious objection from an artistic point of view.

It was originally intended to confine the first year's issue to small pictures, suitable for prayer-books and the like; but in deference to the wishes of some of our subscribers, we have determined to select two or three of large size, suitable for framing, for use in schools, clubs, &c., and some others which may be suitably given as prizes. By this latter means, a better class of pictures will find their way into the homes of the Catholic poor than is at present usually found there. We have also included a few coloured pictures, in order that as great variety as possible may be placed before our subscribers.

For the present, we have been obliged to avail ourselves of pictures already in existence, with the exception of the two Mortuary Cards, which have been executed especially for the Society; but, should we receive sufficient support, we hope, as time goes on, to produce each year a certain amount of original work.

It was at first proposed to develop the scheme as a branch of the Catholic Truth Society, but for various reasons it has been decided to make it a distinct organization, working on the same lines and in harmony with the older body, to which it is a fitting auxiliary.

An annual subscription of 10s. 6d. entitles to membership, and to a certain number of copies of each picture issued during the year. When a sufficient number of members has been obtained, a public meeting will be called, and the Society will be formally established.

The pictures to be issued for the first year's subscription were on view, as well as a certain number of "shocking examples," which caused some amusement. The Bishop of Clifton expressed his warm approval of the scheme, and, with several others, joined the Society. There seems no reason why the Catholic Art Society should not, in its own way, do as useful work as the Catholic Truth Society, to which indeed it may be regarded as complementary.

Father Rivington followed with a practical and suggestive paper on "The Catholic Truth Society," in the course of which

he pointed out its claims to support, and glanced at the numerous and varied undertakings which had been set on foot under its auspices—more especially the work for seamen, and the prayer-book, *The Guide to Heaven*, which has been adopted by the Admiralty. He urged the necessity of establishing centres for the sale of the Society's publications, and emphasized the remarkably small cost at which the work of the Society is carried on. The discussion which followed turned more particularly upon Catholic Truth Society work, various developments of which were suggested. Father Keatinge, of St. George's-Cathedral, spoke of the good done by the placing at church doors the stands, invented by Father Rothwell, for the sale of publications, and created some amusement by an account of a Catholic barber, who availed himself of this method to select suitable reading for his customers. The interest of the discussion was fully maintained until the time for adjournment.

In the afternoon, Canon Moyes read a well-considered and thoughtful paper on "The Ethics of Controversy," in which he urged the necessity of charity, moderation, fair-play, and accuracy, in all matters connected with popular lectures and discussions. So many and so varied were the suggestions he made, that it would be impossible to do justice in a summary to a paper which it is to be hoped will be printed and distributed widely among those who take part in the popular meetings now held in many parts of London for the discussion and explanation of Catholic faith and practice. Father John Vaughan, in his address on "Platform Preaching," supplemented what had been said, giving his experience of free lectures, and urging the development and diffusion of this system of propaganda, which has been productive of excellent results. The ensuing discussion was not less interesting than those which preceded it.

The usual votes of thanks, and an invitation from Dr. Brownlow for the holding of the next meeting at Clifton, brought the Conference to a close. Reference, however, must be made to the enthusiastic demonstration in favour of denominational schools, which was held in the evening under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. Although not officially connected with the Conference, it was felt that the bringing together of so many representative Catholics was a fitting opportunity for a demonstration of this kind; and certainly no more fitting place than Preston, which carries on its educational work at a farthing rate, without the intervention of a School

Board, could have been chosen. An effective beginning was made by the rendering by a large number of children of a pretty Mass by Bordèse, which hardly established its claim to the title of *Messe Solennelle*.

If the public hall was crowded on previous evenings—and it certainly was!—what can be said as to its condition on this occasion? Every corner was filled with people, and every person was filled with enthusiasm. The reception which was accorded to the Duke of Norfolk, to Father Dubberley, the reader of the paper, to the Bishops, to Mr. R. W. Hanbury, M.P., and indeed to every speaker, may therefore be imagined, it can hardly be described.

The most striking feature of the Conference was the admirable organization of every detail, carried out by a series of local committees under the chairmanship of Father O'Hare, S.J., and by the Hon. Secretaries, the Rev. F. Payne, S.J., the Rev. L. Cosgrave, and Mr. Nicholas Cockshutt. Future Conferences may equal this of Preston in this most important qualification, but they cannot surpass it. From first to last, the same spirit of energy and self-sacrifice prevailed; and the people of Preston, by their warm-hearted welcome and enthusiastic co-operation, responded cordially to the lead that had been given them. The presence of so many Bishops, and of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, was a happy recognition of the work of the Catholic Truth Society. There was a breadth about the discussions, especially of those dealing with social subjects, which augurs well for the future of Catholics as citizens; and the practical bearing of affairs was by no means overlooked. It was perhaps to be regretted that so few laymen took part in these discussions; but the Preston folk do the work, and no doubt think (and rightly) that that is more important than talking about it. The Conference of 1894 was a success from beginning to end; and the only inharmonious notes were those sounded by the chimes of the Town Hall.

JAMES BRITTEN.

Damascus.

DAMASCUS is the pearl of the East, at least in the very limited acceptation of that term which does not include India, China, and Japan. The position of Constantinople is far finer and more commanding, Cairo is the gateway to the Nile, Brusa stands at the foot of the snow-clad Olympus, and overlooks a valley of perennial verdure, in Bagdad and Teheran there are fewer Europeans, but in Damascus alone is there that combination of brilliant colouring, of exquisite beauty of scenery, of the unwonted sights and sounds of a vast Eastern metropolis, a mingling of well-nigh all the races of the East, with a touch but here and there of Western life, which makes it truly the goal, the paradise, and the joy of the traveller in Eastern lands. One great garden extending for miles in the midst of an elsewhere barren land, an oasis in the Syrian desert, flowing with rivers, streams, and fountains, enriched by a temple to the false Prophet of priceless glory and magnificence, by domestic architecture which rivals anything of its kind in the East, no wonder that Mahomet gazing down upon the enchanted scene before him from the heights of Salahijeh, refused to enter the city, saying that it is given to man to enter Paradise but once. Damascus is the most ancient city in the world. How ancient it is we know not, but we know from Genesis that it was old when Abram was young. "And he [Abram] divided himself against them, he and his servants, by night, and smote them and pursued them unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus."¹ "And Abram said: Lord God, what wilt Thou give me seeing I go childless and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus?" The extraordinary feature of Damascus, however, is not its antiquity, which is sufficiently respectable, but the fact that, though established only after the Deluge, it flourishes to this day, and has apparently never ceased to flourish from Abram's day to

¹ Genesis xiv. 15.

our own. The antiquity of Rome and Athens, of Babylon and Nineveh themselves, dwindles into insignificance when brought face to face with the story of a city the foundations of which were laid in absolutely prehistoric times! It was in the afternoon of Sunday, the 8th of April, 1894, that my dreams of Eastern travel were realized, and after cantering gaily over the plain, we entered the great metropolis of Syria by the Bawwabeh Allah, "the Gates of God." We were all, that is to say, camp-retainers and myself, in the highest spirits, for we had reached at last what we had been looking forward to as the goal of a long and fatiguing journey; a haven of rest for a short time at least in the midst of our pilgrimage. Even our sturdy little Arab steeds seemed to know that they were to be in for a good time shortly, for well and bravely as they had carried us over many a long and dangerous path from Jerusalem, they were never fresher or apparently more fit for work than to-day, so the turf being in capital order, we indulged them in four or five really good gallops. "Are not Abana and Pharpar (Barada and Awaj), rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" kept ringing in my ears, neither did I find it difficult at that moment to answer the question of Naaman the Syrian to my own entire satisfaction, as I beheld the sparkling streams around me. I had agreed with my dragoon to go to an hotel in Damascus, or what is called an hotel in these parts. I confess that when I beheld the accommodation provided, I sighed for my tents most unfeignedly, and all the joys of that wild free life which I was about to surrender for three whole days to give myself up to the mockeries of a very doubtful civilization. However, we had arrived just in the nick of time, as the Consul and other friends informed me, that is to say, on the very eve of the Hāj, the annual setting forth from Damascus of the great pilgrimage for Mecca. As of all Mahomedan sights this yearly exodus of pilgrims is supposed to be the most remarkable, I was bound to consider myself in luck, and make at once the necessary preparations for viewing the spectacle without being either trampled or spat upon. Mr. Eyres, the Consul, was kindness itself, and invited me to join his party the following morning to ride to the barracks upon the Mecca road, the roof of which commanded a capital view, not only of the procession, but also, I was glad to discover, of Mount Hermon and the country round. We arrived soon after eight, and filled in the time before the

commencement of the show with admiring the view and the usual Eastern pastime of coffee and cigarettes. Of the Hāj itself, I am conscious that I ought to be ready to say a good deal, considering the importance attached to it by millions of Mahometans. However, truth above all things! It impressed me considerably less as a gaudy show than would the arrival in a provincial town of an ordinary circus, say Sanger's. As a religious exhibition it was simply disgusting. The Sacred Carpet which the Sultan sends yearly to the Tomb of the false Prophet, was carried in a sumptuous kind of palanquin of green and gold. This was the *pièce de résistance* of the whole affair; whilst a number of almost naked fanatics, who are looked upon by the mob as pilgrims of the very highest and most venerable sanctity, would, I think, strike most civilized beings as very degraded and repulsive specimens of unwashed humanity. However, the Hāj over, we were now at liberty to turn our thoughts and eyes to objects more savoury and ennobling in the marvellous city itself. It will be remembered that only last autumn a great disaster fell upon Damascus. The interior of the great mosque, the pride and glory of the Mussulman world, was burnt almost to the ground. It was, I believe, the old story of plumbers at work on the roof. It was therefore a great relief to find that it was still possible to trace the plan of the whole, the great central court and fountain with the three glorious minarets remaining practically intact. The history of this mosque, or rather of its site, is most interesting. In the days of its pagan glory, long before the Christian era, there was on this very spot a heathen temple covering a space apparently of some six hundred square yards, the plan of its construction being hardly unlike that of the great Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, and the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. It is even probable, says Mr. Haskett Smith, that here was "the house of Rimmon," referred to by Naaman in 2 Kings v. 18; and, moreover, that in this temple Ahaz saw the altar, the beauty of which so struck his fancy that he caused a like one to be made for the Temple at Jerusalem. "And King Ahaz went to Damascus to meet Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria (who had just captured the city), and saw an altar that was at Damascus, and King Ahaz sent to Urijah the priest the fashion of the altar, and the pattern of it, according to all the workmanship thereof. And Urijah, the priest, built an altar according to all that King Ahaz had sent from Damascus;

so Urijah, the priest, made it against King Ahaz came from Damascus."¹ This heathen temple was destroyed by Theodosius about the middle of the fourth century, and on its ruins was erected a Christian church by his son Arcadius, at the beginning of the fifth century. This Christian Cathedral was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, whose head was believed to have been buried here, and though on the capture of the city by the Saracens three centuries later Mahomedan rites prevailed in the eastern portion of the building, it was not till the beginning of the eighth century that the whole edifice was appropriated by the Moslems. One of the most extraordinary facts in connection with the mosque is that after twelve centuries of Moslem rule and three fires, there is still to be seen on the outside of the southern wall that beautiful Greek inscription, which takes us back at once to the fifth century: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth through all generations." There are three minarets: Mâdinet el-Arûs ("the minaret of the Bride") stands almost in the centre of the northern side of the court; Mâdinet Aîsa ("the minaret of Jesus") is at the south-eastern angle, and is so called from a Moslem legend that our Saviour, when He comes to judge the world, will first alight on this minaret, and then entering the mosque will call before Him men of every sect; Mâdinet el-Ghurbiyeh ("the western minaret") is the third and the most beautiful.

For the Christian, the historical connection of Damascus with the great Doctor of the Gentiles will always be one of deep interest. The spot is of course shown where, according to tradition, St. Paul was thrown from his horse outside the south-eastern gate. Then there is to this day, and probably without having undergone any remarkable change in appearance, the street that is called Strait,² in which was the house of Judas, whither St. Paul was conveyed whilst blind, and where he was visited by Ananias. The house of Ananias himself has been turned into a small chapel, confided to the care of Latin Fathers, Mass being frequently said there. Lastly, there is pointed out a house adjoining the southern wall of the city, from a window of which the Apostle is said to have escaped, according to the account in the 25th verse of the ninth chapter of the Acts, and the last two verses of the eleventh chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

¹ 4 Kings xvi. 10, 11.

² Acts ix. 11.

The bazaars of Damascus compare very favourably with those of any city in the East ; nor is this to be wondered at when we remember the centuries during which it has been the centre of commerce and trade between the far East and the West. Doubtless in the great Bazaar of Stamboul there is more actual wealth collected within a limited space, but what the bazaars of Damascus lose in actual monetary value, they gain in vastness of area and in the greater variety of Oriental and picturesque costumes one sees on all sides. "The strings of laden camels, the delûl, or dromedary, with gaudy trappings, the Circassian and Anatolian, the wild Bedouin Sheikh, the fat, oily, cunning, money-making Jew, the warlike-looking Druse, the fierce Kurd, the sleek, fawning, frightened Christian, the grave, sinister Moslem, the self-possessed Persian, the waddling Turk, the quiet, deep-looking Afghan, the dark and trusty Algerine ; every costume of Asia, every sect of religion, all talking different tongues, all bringing their wares to sell or coming to buy ; every tongue, every race jostling one another and struggling through the strings of camels, mules, donkeys, and thoroughbred mares,"¹ give Damascus and its bazaars an interest and charm hardly to be surpassed throughout the East.

C. C. CLARKE.

¹ Lady Burton's *Inner Life of Syria*, vol. i. chap. v.

Reviews.

I.—STONYHURST COLLEGE.¹

THE English Catholic world will not yet have forgotten the enthusiasm with which the first Centenary of Stonyhurst College was celebrated towards the end of last July. The material splendour, which by all accounts marked the festivities on that occasion, may be said to be perpetuated in this volume, which records the history of the great Jesuit school. The publishers are Marcus Ward and Co., the well-known Belfast firm, who some years ago had the task of producing, on the occasion of its Tercentenary, *The Book of Trinity College*. The later volume yields in nothing to its predecessor; in fact, with regard to printing, illustration, and binding, it is a work of which the College, no less than the publishers, may well be proud. And the contents are fully worthy of the garb in which they appear. Though appealing primarily to Stonyhurstians past and present, this chronicle of the life of a great Catholic school has an interest for all who love their faith and who fondly look for its revival in this land. In the author of the volume we have an excellent guarantee that all points of interest and all sources of information about Stonyhurst will be found recorded in its pages. Father Gerard has been intimately connected with the College ever since 1850, and only last year he brought to a close his long tenure of the office of Prefect of Studies. During the fourteen years in which he held that post he made the history of the College a special study, and he had already foreshadowed his present great work in various pamphlets as well as in the pages of the school Magazine.

The mention of Trinity College just now suggests some points of comparison and contrast between the two institutions. Both came into being at practically the same time, for Elizabeth's

¹ *Stonyhurst College: its Life beyond the Seas (1592-1794) and on English Soil (1794-1894)*. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. London: Marcus Ward and Co., 1894.

foundation was incorporated in 1591, and in 1592 Father Robert Persons established at St. Omers the English College which still flourishes at Stonyhurst under such widely different circumstances. Apart from the date of their birth, there is little, of course, in common between Dublin University and Stonyhurst. Planted in the midst of a hostile Catholic population, the former was intended to be for all time a stronghold of Protestant ascendancy and a centre of proselytism in Ireland—a purpose wherein it can hardly be said to have succeeded—whilst the Jesuit College in its various abodes abroad and at home helped to keep alive the light of the Faith in England, in spite of the efforts of its foes to extinguish it. But now let us glance at these interesting pages, with their broad margins and wealth of illustration. The bulk of the book is occupied with an account of the College in its English home, but this “Centenary Record” is naturally prefaced by the history of those two pre-toleration centuries, which form what we may call the romantic youth of the institution, the period of change and travel, struggle and adventure, which preceded its steady growth under settled conditions. The book, in fact, may be conveniently summarized as the history of the College before it came to Stonyhurst, the history of Stonyhurst before the advent of the College, and the history of the hundred years they have spent together. In the first part of the volume we read of the foundation of the College at St. Omers and its prosperous growth during a century and a half (1592—1762), how the authorities bodily transferred it to Bruges to escape the hostility of the Paris Parliament, how, ten years later, when the Society of Jesus was suppressed, it found an unlooked-for asylum in a former Jesuit House of Studies which the Prince-Bishop of Liege still maintained in his territory, and how finally the French Revolution drove it in 1794 to take refuge in England. The story of these chequered fortunes is told with great abundance of detail and with many quotations from contemporary documents, which evidence a vast amount of research on the part of the learned author. Of course the connection of St. Omers with the famous Popish Plot is fully dealt with, and a very fair estimate of the character of Oates may be obtained from the remarks of the St. Omers boys with whom he came in contact.

A chapter on “College life beyond the seas” bears ample evidence that the spirit and characteristics of the school at

St. Omers survived through these many vicissitudes, and that even a modern Stonyhurst boy transferred to the original foundation would find himself amongst surroundings which were quite familiar.

The next division of the book is concerned with the history of the Stonyhurst estate and Hall. The fortunes of the various owners of the district are traced with great clearness, and the student of heraldry will find much to interest him in the representations of the many coats of arms belonging to the Shireburns and allied families. The Shireburns held Stonyhurst from the reign of Henry III. until the middle of the eighteenth century, when it came by bequest into possession of Humphrey Weld of Lulworth. The growth of the material fabric also is carefully indicated, and a full account given of the double visit paid by Cromwell to the Hall in 1648. It was Humphrey Weld's grandson, Thomas, a student under the Fathers during their settlement at Bruges, who came forward with the generous offer of his seat in the north for their accommodation when they were driven in 1794 from their last Continental resting-place.

We can only briefly allude to the history of Stonyhurst proper, which forms the third and main division of the work. There seems to be no point of possible interest that fails of adequate treatment, no imaginable question that is left undiscussed in these fascinating pages. The growth of the building itself, the early difficulties which the new-comers met with from enemies, Catholic and Protestant, the noteworthy men the College has trained in various departments of life, the many relics and treasures in its libraries and museums, the geological and botanical character of the surrounding district, the rise and growth or decay and extinction of different games amongst the boys—all these subjects find their appropriate places. And of course there is a full description of the well-known Observatory.

We have but partially indicated the vast amount of labour which this book represents. It is impossible to imagine that any further lights can be thrown on the school-history of these hundred years. It has been written once for all, and it will endure as a worthy monument of a great work, manifestly blessed and upheld by Providence for the accomplishment of still greater things in the future.

2.—WORKS OF CHARLES D'HÉRICAUT.¹

We have had the pleasure on more than one occasion of introducing to the notice of our readers some of the works of this great French novelist and historian, whose fame stands so deservedly high amongst his countrymen, and whose writings only require to be known in order to become equally popular in English circles. The volumes at present before us relate to different periods of French life, and the scenes which they portray have no connection with each other, but they both, nevertheless, bear evident traces of the same master hand, and are both of great and absorbing interest. *Une Veuve Millionnaire* is a tale of French life and character at the present day, and is a good specimen of the *roman de mœurs*. The scene is laid alternately in Paris and in the neighbourhood of Samer, and describes the career of a young widow of large fortune and great personal attractions, whose hand is sought by a number of suitors. Isabelle Vicomtesse d'Hervelinghem, whose coming of age at her *château* in Picardy is graphically and humorously described, is certainly a finished specimen of the Parisian woman of the world—a heartless coquette, who having been brought up without religion, naturally believes in nothing and cares for no one but herself. The adventures of her many suitors, all of whom she in turn encourages and subsequently jilts, are graphic and amusing in the extreme. Side by side with this beautiful and heartless woman, the characters of her mother-in-law, the Dowager Vicomtesse, and of her two sisters-in-law, Angèle and Albertine, who are earnest practical Catholics, stand out in bold and striking relief. The dowager especially captivates the admiration of the reader as a beautiful and touching type of the *grande dame*, who is at the same time a sincere and devout Christian. In a French romance of to-day, the duel of course is a prominent feature, and we feel inclined to think that M. de Héricault must have chiefly had in view the idea of demonstrating its absurdity and folly when writing this book. The husbands of the Dowager Vicomtesse and her daughters, all men of character and position, are compelled to peril their lives in duels with a Spanish grandee, whom Isabelle has jilted, and are all more or less dangerously wounded. The truest

¹ *Une Veuve Millionnaire*. Par Charles d'Héricault. Firmin Didot et Cie., Rue Jacob, 56, à Paris.

Les Cousins de Normandie, Roman Pastoral du temps de la Terreur. Par le même.

gentleman and the only common-sense character is M. de Roselles, who, when challenged in turn, declares that as a Christian he will not fight a duel, and when threatened with personal chastisement, calmly invites the bully to "come on"! We happen to remember a somewhat similar incident in real life, which occurred in the case of an English Catholic at Rome some years ago. After a time a change comes over the scene. Isabelle's large fortune, which had been invested in Panama shares, suddenly disappears, and she has ample opportunity for realizing the worth and disinterestedness of her Parisian friends. Compelled by the change of circumstances to quit the gay metropolis, and reside in her *château* in Picardy, and abandoned by all, she takes to visiting the poor, and contracts a dangerous attack of small-pox, which nearly carries her off. She ultimately marries M. de Roselles, and returns to the practice of religion. The book has had a great and deserved success in France, and can be conscientiously recommended to the attention of our readers. It is needless to say that the darker features of Parisian life find no place in the writings of M. d'Héricault.

Les Cousins de Normandie is a story of the revolutionary period, and it is doing no injustice to M. d'Héricault's general powers as a writer, to say, that it is in describing its scenes and character he is most thoroughly at home. For many years he has made the great Revolution of 1789 his special study, and is unquestionably one of the greatest living masters of its history, spirit, and details. The scene is laid at Saint-Laudry, on the coast of Normandy, between Havre and Fécamp, in the summer of 1794, and at the time when the Terror was at its height, shortly before the downfall of Robespierre. The Vicomte Anthyme de Bosqueneq, a fine specimen of the *ancienne régime*, has been secretly married by one of the faithful priests, who refused to accept the Civil Constitution of the clergy, to Marie-Josèphe d'Azelonde, a young girl of great piety and beauty. Just as the ceremony was concluded, the party are surrounded by the emissaries of the Terror. Marie-Josèphe is carried off to prison, together with the priest, while her husband, after a desperate but unavailing resistance, is severely wounded, and one of his friends left dead on the field. He is rescued by the Cousins de Normandie, a secret Royalist society of which he is the head, and henceforth devotes himself to the apparently hopeless task of recovering his bride. Disguised as an emissary

of the Committee of Public Safety, and clothed with their authority and credentials, he returns to the neighbourhood, and for a time succeeds in passing himself off as one of the chiefs of the Revolution. He is aided in his task by an ex-comedian named Louis Cramoissant, a perfect adept at disguises, as well as by the Cousins de Normandie, and a number of friends and sympathizers. Their adventures are thrilling in the extreme, and interspersed with numberless grotesque and humorous incidents, and in the end they succeed in releasing Marie-Josèphe, who escapes with her husband to England. The description of the death of the martyr curé, Abbé Laurent, who with his dying breath reconciles the repentant goddess of reason, is a masterpiece of graphic and touching beauty. His saintly end touches the heart of the ex-Jansenist and apostate priest Fougeret, who had taken the unhallowed oath of the Civil Constitution of the clergy, and the latter leaves for Rome, to seek pardon from the Successor of St. Peter. *Les Cousins de Normandie* is, in our opinion, one of the finest works of fiction which has ever appeared in the French language, and ought to be extremely popular with English Catholic readers.

3.—THE LIFE OF MÈRE MARIE DE STE. EUPHRASIE PELLETIER.¹

A quarter of a century has now elapsed since the first Mother General of the Order of the Good Shepherd was called away to her eternal rest. Few women, if any, have ever done as much active work for the salvation of souls, for the reclaiming of sinners of a class greatly needing help to enable them to return to the paths of virtue whence they have strayed. During the space of thirty-eight years she founded no less than a hundred and ten houses for the reception of fallen women and orphan girls, within whose portals the sinful and the homeless invariably find a welcome. It is with pleasure that we hail the appearance of an ample and detailed biography of this truly valiant woman.

Mother St. Euphrasia can hardly be called the Foundress of the Order of which she was the first Superior General, although to her intelligence, zeal, and energy, it owes its

¹ *Vie de la Révérende Mère Marie de Ste. Euphrasie Pelletier, Fondatrice et première Supérieure Générale de la Congrégation de N. D. de Charité du Bon Pasteur d'Angers.* Par M. l'Abbe H. Pasquier. Paris: P. Lethielleux, 10, Rue Cassette, 1894.

existence under its present form, and its extension throughout the whole world. In the middle of the seventeenth century a community had been formed by the Venerable P. Eudes, to undertake the management of refuges for female penitents. To this Order, which was approved by the Holy See, he gave the Rule of St. Augustine, and under the title of Our Lady of Charity, it existed until the time of the French Revolution. The Refuges then shared the fate of all religious establishments, the nuns being dispersed, exiled, or imprisoned. On the restoration of tranquillity, several of the houses were reconstituted, amongst them that of Tours, where the subject of this memoir received the religious habit.

Rose Virginie Pelletier was born on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1796, on the island of Noirmoutier, whither her parents, who were inhabitants of La Vendée, had retired with their young children for safety on the outbreak of the Civil War. She was not formally baptized until a year after her birth, when a courageous priest, who had concealed himself during the Reign of Terror, visited Noirmoutier to administer the sacraments to the Catholics residing there. In the absence of priest or pedagogue, Rose profited by the pious example and Christian instructions of her parents, she early manifested a love of prayer and desire to promote the glory of God. She was fourteen years old, when her mother, whom the hand of death had deprived of her husband and several of her children, returned to her native town, and placed Rose under the charge of one of her friends, who had formed an *Association Chrétienne* at Tours, for the education of young ladies. The girl possessed an attractive character, vivacious, impetuous, affectionate; powerful for good, and no less powerful for evil. "You will be an angel or a devil," her teacher said to her one day. "No, I shall be a nun," was the prompt reply. In fact ever since her First Communion, she had felt called to the religious life. When eighteen years of age, her mother being dead, and the other members of her family married or dispersed, there was no obstacle of any moment to interfere with her decision to enter as a postulant the Refuge of Our Lady of Charity at Tours. Soon after her profession the care of the penitents was entrusted to her, and so great was the ability wherewith she discharged the duties of this important post that the office of Superior was conferred on her before she attained the age required by the rule. During her superiorate, she established the Magdalens,

a class of penitents who desire to spend the remainder of their life in strict seclusion and penance. She also founded a house at Angers, of which shortly after she assumed the direction.

But the sphere of Mother St. Euphrasia's activity was to be a far wider one than the confines of a single convent or a single town. When requested by several French Bishops to send a little colony into their respective dioceses, the thought struck her that it would greatly aid the development of the Order and facilitate its diffusion throughout the world, if the various offshoots, instead of forming separate and isolated establishments, were to remain connected with the mother-house, under the government of one Superior. This proposed change of government aroused a storm of opposition from the older Refuges. Mother St. Euphrasia was persecuted and calumniated, and it required not a little courage and resolution on her part to struggle against antagonistic opinion. Her strength of character and trust in God, her humility and singleness of aim, as well as her wisdom and tact, are brought into strong relief on the dark background of this time of trial. She received many encouraging assurances of the Divine protection and approval ; and the idea being favourably regarded at Rome, a Brief of Pope Gregory XVI. established the Order of the Good Shepherd, as a new Congregation of which the Superior of the house at Angers should be the General. The existing Refuges were at liberty to join the Institute thus organized, or remain in their isolation. They elected to follow the latter course, and their independence has proved an impediment to the extension of that branch of the Order, as Mother St. Euphrasia foresaw would be the case.

M. l'Abbé Pasquier, while tracing the career, depicting the virtues, and enumerating the good works of this eminent servant of God, has in a great measure allowed her to speak for herself. In his two thick volumes, he introduces a very large number of her letters, and not a few of her instructions to novices, or addresses to the community in general. The space of a brief notice will not permit us to give, as we fain would, some extracts from these edifying and interesting discourses, in which she expounds the aim and object of the Institute, and suggests to her spiritual daughters, by whom she was fondly loved, the most lofty motives, the highest aims for their self-denying, lifelong labours. She directs the conduct of those who are at a distance, with wisdom, judgment, and admirable good sense, seeking at the same time to inspire them with her own

indomitable courage, her thirst for souls, her truly cosmopolitan spirit. "I am not a French woman only," she was accustomed to say, "I am German, Italian, English, American; that is, my country wheresoever there are souls to be saved, lost sheep to be brought to the fold of the Good Shepherd."

Amongst other charitable works which this saintly Religious inaugurated was that of a home for young female prisoners. For this purpose she purchased a farm on the outskirts of Angers, which she called *Nazareth*, and caused to be arranged in a manner suitable for their comfort and happiness. The Government were glad to entrust to her care their juvenile delinquents, for each of whom a certain sum was paid, and Mother St. Euphrasia was herself present when a band of seventy-five, from the prison at Rennes, arrived at "Nazareth." As they came late she spent the night there, and on her return to the convent the next morning she thus described the scene to her community:

I wish I could have had you all at Nazareth to receive them. As the diligence from Rennes was very late, it was nearly ten before they got there. At first they seemed shy and downcast, but no sooner did they find themselves in front of a good fire, blazing and crackling in the wide kitchen chimney, than our little birds began to twitter cheerily. We gave them all a plate of hot soup, with meat and wine. That unlocked their hearts, poor things! It was so long since they had sat down to such a banquet!

On the morrow a fresh surprise awaited them; they were to exchange their prison uniform for the frocks which you have so kindly busied yourselves of late in making for them. They looked at one another in silence, unable to divine what this metamorphosis might mean. It was otherwise when they had been taken out into a part of the grounds. "Are not we then any longer in prison?" one of them inquired. "No, children, you are at the Good Shepherd, where you must learn to love and serve God, and also to work, that later on you may be useful to your families." "Thank you, Sister." "You must not speak like that," one of the big girls interposed; "they are all *Mothers* here." And she accompanied her rebuke with something more emphatic than words.

Let us therefore strive, my dear daughters, to prove ourselves true mothers, watchful guardians of this new flock confided to us. The work will be arduous, but how glorious will be the reward. (vol. ii. p. 358.)

The author of this interesting biography has so much to narrate about the charitable works which the indefatigable

energy, boundless zeal, unalterable perseverance of Mother St. Euphrasia set on foot to meet the wants of various classes of society, as well of the trials and triumphs of the different bands of brave fellow-workers whom she sent to make foundations, not only in the neighbouring countries of Europe, but on the distant shores of America, the Indies, Algeria, and Egypt, that on reaching the close of her career, he has hardly space left to tell us all we might wish to know about the last illness and death of this revered servant of God. A tumour in her side, long concealed from the knowledge of any one beside herself, caused her for many years acute pain, which she bore with an heroism of endurance truly marvellous. This malady, added to a long course of incessant labour and anxieties, at length laid her on a sick-bed. The reader will be deeply touched and greatly edified by the narrative of her last days and holy death, of which a somewhat fuller account will be given in the English Life now being prepared.

Mother St. Euphrasia expired on the 24th of April, 1868, at the age of seventy-two years. It is to her that we owe the introduction of this most useful Order into our own country, fifty years ago. There are now eight large convents in England and Scotland, and five in Ireland. Not the least interesting pages of this biography are those which speak of the supernatural communications Mother St. Euphrasia received, her power to foretell future events, and the extraordinary and unexpected manner in which relief was sent to her in times of financial embarrassment.

4.—MEMOIRS OF THE ABBÉ LAMBERT.¹

With those who have read any of the preceding volumes brought out by this Society it is needless to insist on the high standard of excellence to which its publications attain. The *Memoirs of the Abbé Lambert* treat of a much humbler person than the august sufferers or the statesmen whose sorrows occupy the pages of earlier volumes. But the good priest's story is just for that reason all the more interesting. Not that he has no dealings with high and puissant seigneurs, princes, and princesses of the blood royal, but a large part of his diary

¹ *Mémoires de famille de l'Abbé Lambert sur la révolution et l'émigration 1791—1799, publiés pour la Société d'histoire contemporaine.* Par Gaston de Beauséjour. Paris, 1894.

tells of the every-day life in times of peculiar peril of one of many brave souls who redeemed the infamies and horrors of the Revolutionary epoch, and by their constancy secured so large a salvage after the irreligious deluge.

The Abbé tells his story with such transparent truthfulness that we feel we are looking on a perfect portrait of one of those who were confessors and exiles for the faith. At a time when Anglicanism was at its lowest depth of inert formalism, we see what Catholicism could do for high and low alike, spite of the philosophy, Jansenism, and corruption in high places of the day. M. Lambert had been himself a member of a community once tainted with Jansenism. He was confessor, when the book opens, to the Duke de Penthière, who in spite of owning that his paternal grandmother Madame de Montespan was as great a seigneur as the lawful progeny of Louis *le Roi Soleil*, and the elaborate ceremonial with which he was surrounded even in the days of the Revolution is very curious. The Prince deserved all respect for the singular holiness of his life, of which a charming and touching description is given in these pages. (pp. 14—18.)

All in the Prince's service, however, was not equally edifying. The advice of the Abbé to his penitent to refuse the oath of liberty and equality, and the manner in which he himself took it, with a sort of mental restriction so shortly after, is with his apology for his apparent inconsistency, very curious. (pp. 20—27.) It required all the Abbé's tact to lay the remains of his deceased master in the royal mausoleum of Dreux, during the Reign of Terror.

Shortly after, M. Lambert entered the service of the Duchess de Bourbon, a grand-daughter of the former Regent, the Duke of Orleans. Three aide-de-camps of Santere were sent from Paris to arrest the Duchess. They were worthy of their chief. The good Abbé was forced to fly to his native place, Lons-le-Saunier, in the Jura, where he was soon seized. His daring escape on the way to Paris (p. 104) saved him from the guillotine, and he found a shelter among the peasants in the mountains, offering in return the succours of religion to the sick all around. The description of these good people is very charming. Brave girls, the stuff out of which *Jeanne d'Arc* could have been made, used to guide the fugitives for conscience sake across the mighty ramparts that separated France from the abode of freedom in Switzerland. The accounts of these perilous crossings are interesting in the highest degree. The poor little cantons

had a hard time of it between their duty to the stranger and their fear of the great Republic. But timorous as their government might be, the Swiss were generous in their hospitality.

The daily life, the sufferings, the noble behaviour of the *émigré* priests, their preference of rough manual labour to living on charity, come out in a very vivid form in these pages. And this witness of Abbé Lambert is all the more reliable, for he was not very favourably received amongst them. French society was at the time rent into parties as violent and irreconcilable as those of to-day. His attachment to the Orleans family, his moderate views on home politics, notwithstanding his devotion to his faith and the imprisonment and suffering which he had endured for it, made him an object of suspicion to many of his brethren. The beautiful hospitality of the Swiss both of the peasant and of the well-to-do classes receives a well deserved eulogium from our author.

They acted admirably at the town of Friburg and throughout the whole canton towards the *émigrés*, and still more towards the *déportés*—the banished priests. The rich, among whom were many magistrates, took some into their houses, where they gave them bed and board. Sometimes this was purely gratuitous, other times they put their children under the care of the priest as a tutor, or they gave him some employ fitting his sacred character. Nor did those who were not so well off consider themselves excused from coming to the aid of the priests. In one house they gave them their dinner, in another their supper, or they provided them with a room, which their neighbours or friends fitted up for them. People with limited means made them offers of help without any idea of being repaid. . . . The very poorest freely tended their labour and their assistance. I knew a humble sempstress who stubbornly refused to receive the money I wanted to pay her for mending some of my things. The country people gave proofs of still greater generosity and liberality. From the beginning, they had flocked to Friburg and to other towns which were on the frontiers. Each one brought home a priest. They chose always by preference the poorest. They put them up in their best room and installed them at the head of their table. They made them feel that the house was their own. The rich took a number at a time. There was a holy rivalry, especially among the women, which would treat their priest the best. They were proud when their charge looked well and hearty, and all the goodwives of the village envied their fortune. The food of the Swiss is not very toothsome. Coarse bread, salt meat, never anything but water except on high festivals, eggs rarely if ever, this *plus* excellent milk, cheese, and butter, was all that ever appeared on the hospitable board, but the best portion was always reserved for the priest. . . . The men were anxious

that their guests should go with them to the markets and fairs, for these good Switzers never go without drinking a glass of wine, but our priests preferred water at home to wine in a public-house.

The common tables, by which the priests tried to economize and which were supported by alms from far and near, were one great feature among the *émigrés*, especially when Switzerland was overrun by republican armies and the poor exiles had to seek shelter in other lands.

How M. Lambert returned to France, how he journeyed to Mittau apparently to bring about a reconciliation between the two branches of the royal family of France, how he went to Sarria near Barcelona, to be in the service of the Duchess of Orleans, all this must be read in these charming pages. Are there not memoirs of like interests in the drawers or the strong boxes of our old Catholic families? And if there are, may they soon find as sympathetic and skilled an editor as the great nephew of M. l'Abbé Lambert, to whom we owe these interesting records of an eventful life.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MR. HARRIS, in a work which he has written on post-Reformation English Architecture,¹ cries for something new. He divides his work fantastically into three periods: "At Work," "Asleep," "Awaking." He complains that modern wants are not met by ancient styles, and wishes for a new, and that an iron, style, to be discovered. As by "Asleep" he describes the days of Inigo Jones, of Wren, of Adams, of Pugin and of his followers, it will be for posterity to judge how far the newer men of the author's ideal will deserve to be called "Awake." Startling, eccentric they may be, like so many votaries of the sister art of painting.

The proposal, in 1884, on the part of the philistine Municipality of Milan² to sweep away a great part of the ancient Castle of that city, so rich in artistic and historic memories, raised a clamour from the cultured and learned, and the Italian

¹ *Three Periods of English Architecture*. By Thomas Harris. London, 1894.

² *Il Castello di Milano sotto il dominio dei Visconti e degli Sforza, 1568-1535*. Milan, 1894.

Government luckily stepped in to delay, at all events, the mischievous scheme. The result of the studies, in view of a complete restoration, is the work before us, an admirable example of what the history of an historical monument ought to be. It is drawn entirely from original sources, and gives an exact and detailed description of what time and neglect have left of the ancient building, with excellent photographs and plans.

Two French engineers have published a work on the progress in the manufacture of glass¹ and in its adaptation to various objects during the last twenty years. Among other novel suggestions is one of employing, for window curtains, small squares of glass, mounted in zinc and hooked firmly together, instead of light textile materials. There is also the design of a house to be constructed entirely of glass.

A description of the old churches of Shropshire² has been commenced, which promises well. The first part, which has just appeared, treats of the Hundred of Brimstree. The text is brief but carefully written, and plans and photographic reproductions are given of the most noteworthy churches and of various objects in them. Tong Church, with its very remarkable perpendicular spire, its handsome screens and stalls, and splendid series of tombs, has the place of honour in the work.

Mr. Elyard has given a charming collection of old English houses,³ the like of which are hardly to be found outside beautiful Wilts. It is a consolation to learn that most of them appear to be in hands that value them. When mediæval domestic buildings are becoming so rare, those that survive cannot be too carefully preserved. The text is excellent, and so too are the lithographs which illustrate the work.

At a time when the project of a Catholic Cathedral in London is causing the thoughts of so many to be cast on the works of the past, a style which was that employed by St. Edward the Confessor in the first Abbey Church of Westminster, is naturally of great interest to us.⁴ English thoroughly by adoption, used even before the Conquest, employed at Durham, Canterbury, and Norwich, and a multitude of other of our churches, Norman has a character of massiveness and

¹ *La Verrerie depuis vingt ans.* L. Appert et J. Henrivaux. Paris, 1894.

² *An Architectural Account of the Churches of Shropshire.* By D. H. S. Granage, M.A. Wellington, 1894.

³ *Some old Wiltshire Homes.* By S. John Elyard. 1894.

⁴ *L'Art Roman à Charlieu et en Brionnais.* Par F. Theollier. Monbrison, 1892.

solemnity hardly reached by any other style. Around Brionne is a group of churches of the same style as the splendid Cluniac Church of Paray-le-Monial, so well known to English pilgrims to the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, beautiful in the outline of their exterior, and admirably adapted for modern worship. Of these the most remarkable partially exists in the remains of the Cluniac Abbey of Charlieu. Though the church itself was destroyed at the Revolution, the wonderful porch with its rich sculpture, the chapter-house and cloisters, are admirable types of the period. Another church, Bois Sainte Marie, though smaller than that of Paray-le-Monial, is far more symmetrical in its pyramidal grouping.

On the occasion of the three hundred and fiftieth jubilee of the Königsberg University,¹ a handsome work has been published on the Silver Library of Duke Albert of Prussia. Its history and contents are treated in a masterly essay, and admirable phototypes reproduce the costly bindings with their Renaissance chasings.

To the most ordinary reader the admirable caricatures of animals given in a book² just published on Egyptian caricatures, cannot fail to be interesting. Whatever fitness the author may possess for deciphering the hidden meaning of these life-like sketches, the explanation given is exceedingly curious. Reverence would seem not to have formed an important constituent in the religions of the ancient Egyptians, neither was their fun as free from what is objectionable as, at all events, is the comic literature of this country. The work is prefaced by a sketch of the mythology of the Egyptian deities.

Fashion has given an exorbitant value to the vignettes of the sorry days of Louis XV. The Saint-Aubins were neither above nor below the art of their times. Their lives and their works can hardly be called interesting. Worshippers of Pompadour and Voltaire, they have left lasting records of the fleeting follies of the hour.³

In the new number of the important German Serial on art workmanship,⁴ we are given a succession of photographic repro-

¹ *Die Silberbibliothek Herzog Albrechts von Preussen.* P. Swenke and K. Lange. Leipzig, 1894.

² *La Caricature Egyptienne, historique, politique et morale.* By Ollivier Beauregard. Paris, 1894.

³ *Les Artistes célibataires. Les Saint-Aubins.* Par Adrien Moureau. Paris, 1894.

⁴ *Ornamentale und kunstgewerbliche sammelmappe, Serie VI. Kunstschmeide und Schlosserarbeiten des 13—18 Jahrhunderts.* Mit text von D. Gustav. E. Pajaurey, Leipsig, 1895 (*sic*).

ductions of ironwork of the Crafts' Museum of Reichenberg from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century. The early and late mediæval work is admirable, and even much of the Renaissance has kept the grace of line, if not the delicacy of detail, of earlier date. The examples given are nearly all door-fittings, locks, keys, knockers, and door-plates.

In these days of expensive advertisement one looks with some suspicion even upon a gorgeous work which professes to treat upon a purely æsthetic subject, if that is one in which trade principles enter. Still the first three numbers of a treatise on modern wall decoration,¹ magnificently illustrated with designs by some of our best men, and with a text which, though perhaps pitched in too high a key of praise, cannot fail to be suggestive.

Though the glory of Pavia, the charter-house and its church, have been fully described and illustrated with the most loving care, Dr. Sant' Ambrogio has collected a number of interesting remains still existing, from the ancient dependencies of that monastery. Of these the spiral columns of the old *baldacchino* or *ciborio*, which now stand in the porch of the Church of Carpiano, the fourteenth century altar, probably the work of Giovanni di Pisa, illustrating the life of St. Joachim and of his ever-blessed daughter, now preserved in the same church, and the wonderful frescoed *façade* of the Church of Vigano-Certosino, are a few among many he has brought together. The text of the work is as excellent as the photographic illustrations, and this is saying a good deal. The work² shows a great advance in the study of art and of archæology in Italy.

M. Lethielleux, the Catholic publisher of Paris, has begun a series which promises to be of great interest. The first volume³ is a portable hand-book to the wonder of Northern France. It is strange that a place so near our own shores is known to comparatively so few English Catholics. True, French railways are slow, and there is weary waiting at junctions, but one can find plenty to while away his time at Dol, or at Coutances. An excellent incentive to a pilgrimage to Mont Saint Michel is this admirably illustrated and very readable work at a very moderate

¹ *Modern Wall Decoration*. Manchester, 1893—4.

² *Carpiano, Vigano-Certosino e Selvanesio*. Dr. Diego Sant' Ambrogio. Milan, 1894.

³ *L'Art Chrétien en France. L'Abbaye du Mont St. Michel*. Texte et dessins par G. Dubouchet. Paris, 1895.

price. It will serve not only as a guide, but as a pleasant memento of the marvellous place.

The Catholic Truth Society continues its admirable series of publications, supplying in various ways the special needs of our time. Foremost amongst those most recently received must be named the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. to the rulers and nations of the world, on behalf of the reunion of Christendom, the issue of which in English form and at a low price is especially seasonable at the moment when the recent address of the Cardinal Archbishop on the same subject is so prominently before the minds of all.

In *Continuity Reconsidered*, Mr. John Hobson Matthews, honorary secretary of the St. Teilo's Catholic Historical Society, urges with force and pungency various arguments against the preposterous Continuity theory, so much in vogue amongst a certain school of Anglicans, though the only strong point about it is the utter imperviousness to reason which characterizes its supporters.

Faith and Reason is a reprint of the address by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., delivered seven years ago at Nottingham.

Father Sydney Smith, S.J., continues in his *Calumnies against Convents* his useful work of endeavouring to disabuse the minds of Englishmen of one of their most inveterate and mischievous prejudices.

We have besides some instructive leaflets from the same quarter. *The Church and the Printing press*, by Dr. Casartelli, brings plentiful evidence to show that the Church favoured and fostered the infant art of printing, and it devotes itself specially to the destruction of the "Luther myth" in connection with the same.

Of Archbishop Ullathorne's *Mixed Marriages* it is unnecessary to say anything, the name of the reverend author being a sufficient recommendation.

Does the end justify the means? treats a thorny question, which on account of the quasi-legal nature of sundry points necessarily raised is hard fully to explain. It is almost too much to hope that the account of the matter here given, especially as regards the famous passage from the Third Council of Lateran, will clear away all difficulties, sound though it be.

An Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass from the French of the Abbé F. Hallet, will be a boon to many.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, published by the Scientific Society of Brussels, opens with a very interesting notice of the Scientific Congress of Catholics to be held in that city from the 4th to the 8th of September.

Whether the date is intentionally fixed for the 4th, or is a mere chance coincidence, it may be taken as a happy protest against other less hallowed celebrations in honour of the Commune which usually take place on that day in other French-speaking countries.

The spirit of the Congress is thoroughly Catholic, and the enumeration of the subjects eligible for consideration, has this at least in common with a possible bill of fare in the Garden of Eden, that there is one forbidden fruit. All questions belonging properly to the domain of theology are to be avoided.

Under the modest heading of "A few pages from the history of a speck of dust," is to be found an interesting account of a number of physical and meteorological facts and phenomena, in all of which particles of dust and of moisture play a prominent, or perhaps rather, the most important part.

A careful and comprehensive article on a West African region—Popo—inhabited by a tribe called the Mimas, is to be found in the "Notes of a Missionary." It is a very full and interesting account of an unhealthy African country, and of its dusky race. Popo is in the neighbourhood of Dahomey.

The arguments in favour of an evolutionary explanation of the formation of the body of the first man, receives masterly treatment at the hands of the Rev. Père Dierckx. It should be, one would think, the last word on the subject.

An accurate description of some of the prevalent intellectual failings of modern times, is given in an article on the desirability of teaching science along with classics in the course still called *humanities* on the Continent. It may be doubted, however, whether all the evils complained of, are to be accounted for by the shortcomings of the exclusively classical training to which they are attributed; and still more whether the suggested remedy is sufficient to effect all the improvements claimed for it. The article shows a careful study and a sound knowledge of the characteristics of youthful minds, and of the effects upon them of various modes of training.

An article which follows, based upon the record of a number of interesting entomological observations, is a good attack upon the doctrines of positivism, evolution, and natural selection. As an instance of the inconsistency of the theories in vogue with writers like Sir John Lubbock, it remarks that such writers, on the one hand, assert intelligence to be a function of the fully developed brain; whilst on the other, they unhesitatingly place little creatures, like ants, which have no true brain at all, but only the embryo of one, at the head of the animal kingdom from the standpoint of intellectual development. It is needless to say that for this writer, the study of the instincts of such smaller creatures as ants, bees, and wasps, &c., leads up necessarily to the acknowledgment of the existence of Providence, in other words, the existence of God.

The value of the evidence afforded by experiments, and the reliance that may be placed on *theories* in physical science, form the main subject of the next article. It is pointed out that an experiment is not merely the accurate observing and recording of phenomena, but that it should comprise the deduction of physical laws. It is further remarked, that unlike mathematical truths, which when once established are unchangeable, physical laws are never final, and are always subject to correction in the light of new discoveries.

An article on the influence of Charcot is to be continued in another number. It would be useless to make many remarks on a fragment. This much may however be said, that it must be a matter of regret that the influence of so eminent a man should not always be for the best; certainly his influence in the direction of substituting purely secular assistants for the Sisters of Charity in the French hospitals cannot be considered very commendable.

About ninety pages of reviews and notices wind up a most able and interesting number.

In the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* the opening paper, by Father Pesch, deals with the necessity of founding upon religion all schemes for the solution of the great social question. The plans elaborated with so much labour by the many writers who leave out of sight this essential element, might doubtless succeed well enough were it not for some of the most conspicuous features of human nature, and to attain any practical result, grace must be called in to counteract them. An endeavour to patch together the discordant members of national life, without

the aid of Christianity, is like attempting to sew with an unthreaded needle.

The articles previously commenced, on the Princes of Music, the Copernican System, the history of the unhappy Don Carlos, and the bearings of Arabic poetry on Christendom, are continued.

The September number of the *Études* opens with the first portion of a most able and interesting article, from the pen of Father Portalié on the "Parliament of Religions," that strange assembly convoked last year at Chicago, with the idea of assisting all believers in God to work together against the forces of unbelief. As Father Portalié well remarks, the one feature which lent any dignity and importance to this congress, was the presence in it of Cardinal Gibbons and other official representatives of the Catholic Church in the United States, to whom was assigned a leading, and indeed unique position in its proceedings, and in view of their deliberate resolve to take part in these we must not question the wisdom of such a course. At the same time, the writer expresses a hope that so essentially American a notion will not be imported by the Old World, while even in the land of its origin he doubts whether it will survive its first experiment, which resulted in offering to the world no more solid basis of reunion, than a vague philanthropic sentiment, well described by Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, as "Religious Protoplasm." Other articles continue the discussion of the relations of Church and State in France, the land question, and the history of the Catalan part of the nineteenth century—Verdaguer.

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